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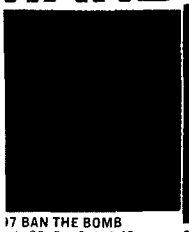

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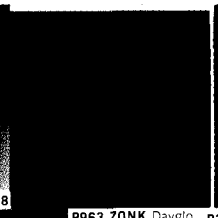

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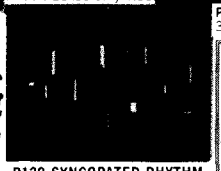

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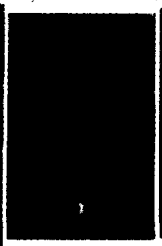

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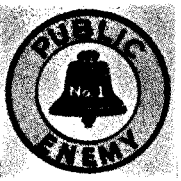

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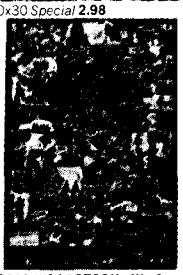

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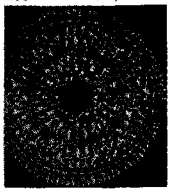

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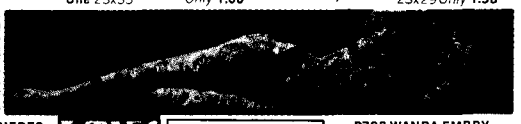

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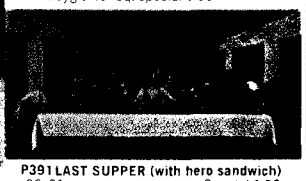

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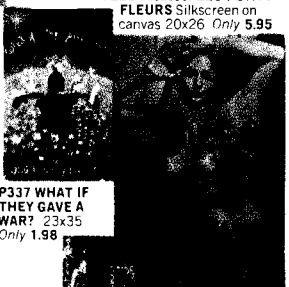

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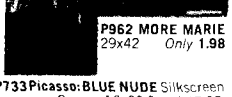

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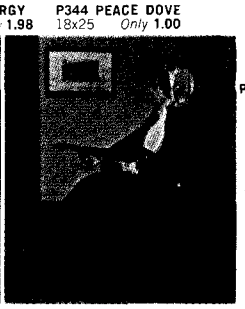

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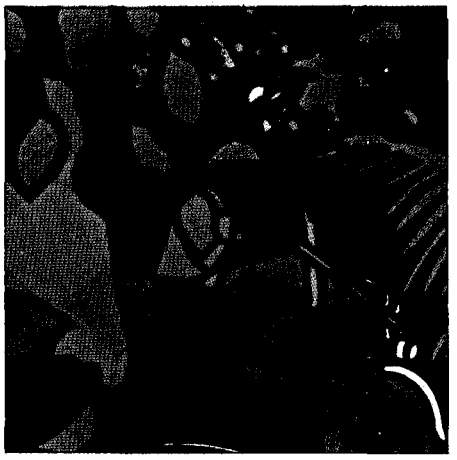

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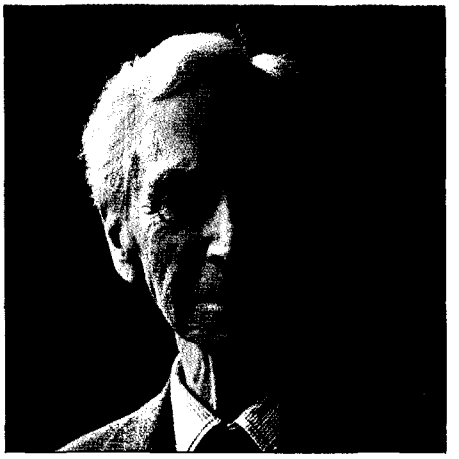

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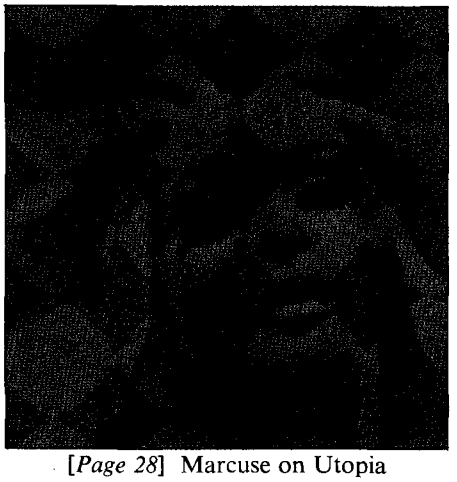

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[Editorial]

April 1969
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Ramparts
"Alienation is when your country is at war and you want the other side to win."
—The story of *The Oakland 7*.

THIS ISSUE OF RAMPARTS marks a special anniversary. It was exactly one year ago, with the April 1969 issue, that we began publishing again after bankruptcy had forced us into temporary silence. From the outside, this hiatus probably seemed either brief or just another aspect of a publishing schedule that had always been erratic. But on the inside, its impact was traumatic and profound. We had seen RAMPARTS die; we knew what had to be done to save it from real, i.e., permanent, extinction. Fortunately, the magazine had a group of friends who were willing to put up the initial capital to start printing again. The ensuing 12 months saw a revived and revivified RAMPARTS, as rich in color and content as ever, appearing with regularity on the newsstands, and increasing its sales in the process by 50 per cent.

The old bankruptcy-bound RAMPARTS had lost money from the day it was born, eight years ago, as a small Catholic quarterly. In the last two years of its existence, when its circulation had climbed well over the 100,000 mark and its reputation had become international, it was losing $500,000 a year—a king's ransom for any radical publication and one that finally even RAMPARTS could no longer afford. The most striking and significant achievement of the past year has been to wipe out this immense operating deficit, while maintaining the high quality of the magazine. In the last quarter of 1969, and for the first time in its whole hectic history, RAMPARTS was operating—at least in the paper mythology of accounting—in the black.

The results have been satisfying to all. We started off our post-bankruptcy publication schedule with 65,000 subscribers. Because a subscription list must constantly have huge infusions of promotional capital to sustain itself, let alone expand, our business department projected a drop in subscriptions to the 50,000 level. We kept our fingers crossed that it would not go even lower, but in point of fact, subscriptions have, after an initial drop to 61,000, climbed back to the 65,000 mark and should be increasing from here on in.

Newsstand sales were an even greater unknown. Because the bankruptcy received a good deal of publicity, there was a question whether readers would go to their local newsstands and look for a RAMPARTS that had gone out of existence. In the six months from April to September, however, RAMPARTS newsstand circulation climbed steadily from a low of 41,000 to 63,000.

Naturally we at the magazine feel pleased with the results of the year's effort. We decided to climb the mountain because we feel it would be a serious blow to radical and progressive forces in this country if RAMPARTS were to fold. Political developments in the country at large during the last 12 months—in particular, the determination of the Nixon Administration to pursue its military conquest of Vietnam, while repressing the forces of opposition at home—have increased the importance of institutions like RAMPARTS. And thus, as a sort of first birthday resolution, we are resolving to try to expand and grow—both in our journalism and in circulation—so we can continue to play a role by serving and supporting the movement for radical change which Washington would hound out of existence.

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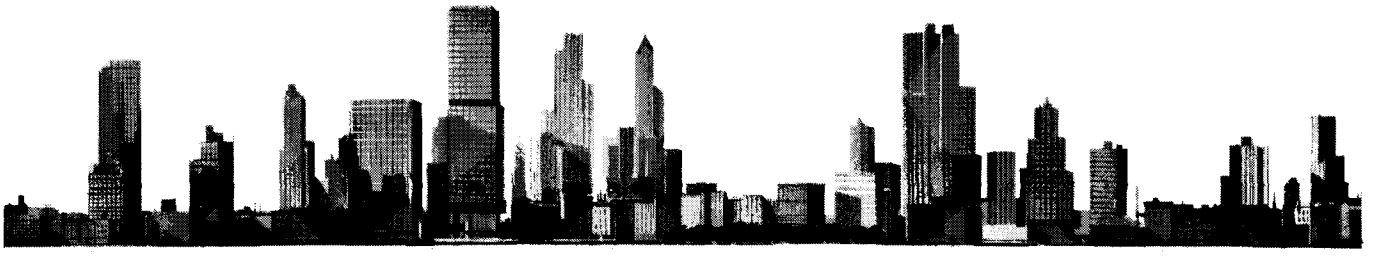
Should We Give Up on the Hard-Core Unemployed?
Is Violence the Quickest Way to Meaningful Reform?
Should Playgrounds Give Way to Parking Lots?



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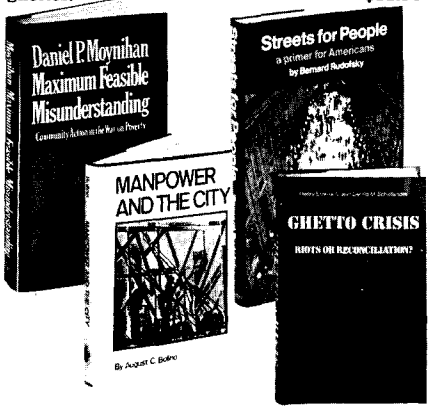

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Police Lathi Charge

Eruption in India

CALCUTTA: CAPITAL OF TURBULENT West Bengal. Lenin appears under a burning sun shining through the palm trees. Impudent slogans, clenched fists, suspicious looks. A student asks me how to make a Molotov cocktail. The round smiling face of Mao looks on. These are the Naxalites from the little town of Naxalbari in West Bengal where a peasant insurrection broke out in the spring of 1967. Today there are 5000 Naxalites to commemorate the anniversary of the uprising. All firmly believe in peasant guerrilla war. The most militant have already gone out into the villages. It is the beginning of armed struggle. The sea of red flags is refreshing in starving, wretched India. Perhaps red is the color of hope as more than 200,000 gaunt bodies stretched out along the sidewalks pave the Calcutta nights.

Calcutta: *city of four million dying people although it* accounts for 20 per cent of all of India's industries, according to one expert. It is impossible for India to feed her 525 million inhabitants; what will she do with the 170 million additional mouths expected in the next ten years in spite of the family planning institute which is supposed to solve all problems?

In the official census taken in March 1961 there were ten million people unemployed (in fact, there are at least 30 million). Seventy-six per cent of the population is illiterate, a third of the peasants have no land, the caste system is still powerful. Government corruption exists at every level. Only foreign "charity"—almost $600 million annually—makes the budget deficit good.

From 1961-62 to 1965-66, the years of the Third Plan, the national revenue was only increased by 12 per cent. The same goes for the population. The Indian people run, but they don't ever get anywhere. The director of the Unit Trust of India said to me in Bombay: "The ground is moving backwards under us." An elegant man of 50 who is equally at home in Paris, London or the New York Hilton, he is the president of the first Indian company that has variable investments.

The volcano certainly had to erupt one day or another.

by Phillipe Gavi

Photograph by Shambu Baneyee

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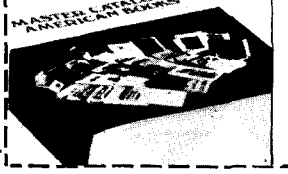

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On December 18, 1968, in a small town on the border between Bihar and West Bengal, a rich farmer wakes up to find a disagreeable surprise: 500 peasants are surrounding his house. His house is destroyed and his reserves of wheat, rice and fertilizer are seized. Several shots are fired into the air and the mob flees.

In Bihar one month later a farmer is killed; his harvest is looted by about 40 people shouting Maoist slogans. In the State of Kerala, more than 2000 kilometers away, police stations are attacked. Everywhere, in the states of Andra Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, West Bengal and Kerala, the disturbances take on alarming proportions. Revolutionary peasant committees are formed. Wealthy landowners and *jotedars* (small farmers) are attacked, sometimes massacred, by crowds of infuriated peasants. Estates are occupied by force. In the cities: strikes and demonstrations, *gheraos* (workers surrounding the places—or the managers—where they work), street-fighting. In mid-July of 1969, bombs explode in the American Consulate in Calcutta. The repression is correspondingly intensified: men are killed on both sides. Entire villages in revolt are burned; the women raped, the peasants massacred. Striking workers give in to bullets or the *lathi*, the bamboo cane which the Indian police use as clubs.

On July 31, 3000 cops, infuriated by the death of one of their men, march in the streets of Calcutta carrying their friend's body on their shoulders. Three hundred people break into the West Bengal Parliament, destroying furniture and microphones and attempting to molest certain Members of Parliament. They demand that Deputy Chief Minister Jyoti Basi, who is supposed to be the head of the police in the State, explain why he always sides with the demonstrators and criticizes the police who enforce the law with force. Keeping law and order is the duty of the police. It is true that the Minister of the Interior belongs to the Indian Marxist Communist Party (CPI-M). How did it happen?

THE CONGRESS PARTY, which has ruled India since independence, is losing strength. General elections were held in India in February 1967, the fourth general elections since the Proclamation of the Constitution in 1950. The Congress Party underwent a decisive defeat, losing 81 Members of Parliament in the Lok Sabha (Indian Parliament) where it had only 280 seats left out of 520. Its defeat was helpful to everybody—the right (Swatantra, Jan Sangh) and the left (Praja Socialist Party, Samyukta Socialist Party, the Communist Party of India [pro-Soviet], the independent Indian Marxist CP).

The Congress Party also lost power in the States of Punjab, Bihar, Orissa, Madras (which voted on the right), West Bengal and Kerala (which voted on the left). It pays heavily for having failed in the projects it had set up and for the economic and social chaos into which the country had fallen.

As Chandra Sekhar, who is considered to be one of the powerful members of the Congress Party, explained to me: "The Congress Party is not a political party: it's a front that has no coercive power. This is both its strength and its weakness. It is popular because it was the lever for independence, not because of what it's doing right now. Revolutions are always more progressive than when they're being put into effect. The new generation doesn't worry about the past. It wants something concrete. This is how the Congress Party has begun to lose its popularity."

Mr. Chandra Sekhar, a sworn enemy of totalitarian Communism "based on violence," lives in New Delhi. New Delhi is green and pink like a bag of bitter candy. Huge and bureaucratic, its avenues are lined with trees and its Parliament is navel-colored. On the other side is Old Delhi, the ancient city of the Moghuls. That's the Delhi that President Nixon didn't visit. On that side is death. Neon signs lose some of their brightness in the dusty, shady heat. Purple spots of slow agony that overflow the human leprosy, the huge mob is nothing but an explosion of starved corpuscles. Violet night bathes the Fort and the Grand Mosque. Time no longer exists. Time is mutilated, like the stumps which the lepers hold out to foreign visitors. Flies are everywhere, oppressive. Car horns and noisy engines—the human race is swarming. The half-naked *sadhus* look syphilitic. In these wretched alleys you feel like crying out "Enough!" But the city keeps on voting for the Congress Party. The same for the Maharashtra area and Bombay, where thousands of prostitutes who aren't even 12 years old beg for customers for ten rupees behind the bars of a cage whose door doesn't even have to be closed any longer.

And yet the cry of protest has been uttered. Two states, Kerala and West Bengal, gave way. In each, a government on the left directed by the Communists was elected in 1967. Two states out of 17 isn't much, but their population put together is equal to the combined population of France and Belgium. Kerala has 20 million inhabitants in 39,000 kilometers, and West Bengal has 40 million inhabitants in 87,167 kilometers. The two states have in common the highest population density and the highest rate of literacy in India, factors which contributed to the victory in both states of a United Front that includes all leftist or supposed leftist factions, and is led by the Indian Marxist Communist Party.

TWO MEN DOMINATED the electoral campaign: Mr. EMS Namboodiripad, Chief Minister of Kerala, author of many theoretical books and one of the founders of the CPI-M, and Mr. Jyoti Basu, Deputy Chief Minister of West Bengal. Both have defended the line "Administration with agitation." But how far can they go with agitation? Outside of education, the Constitution grants no more power to the state governments than is granted to a French municipality. If the authorities of a state take measures which are thought to be against the Constitution, or if they do not take measures which are provided for by the Constitution, the central government and its representative, the state governor, with the approval of the President of the country, can dismiss the state government and organize new elections. That is what they call President's Rule—the President has the final say.

In 1959, President's Rule was applied to the state of Kerala after two years of a strong-man government directed by EMS Namboodiripad. In November 1967 the central power attempted this operation again in West Bengal. It was in vain, for in the February 1969 elections the people showed their discontent with the government's abuse of power and voted heavily for the left-wing United Front after months of rioting. In the legislative assembly of Calcutta, the Congress Party won only 55 seats, compared with 127 in 1967. The United Front of West Bengal and the left coalition in Kerala are therefore similar: they are both caught between Scylla and Charybdis. Either they follow the popular sentiment for

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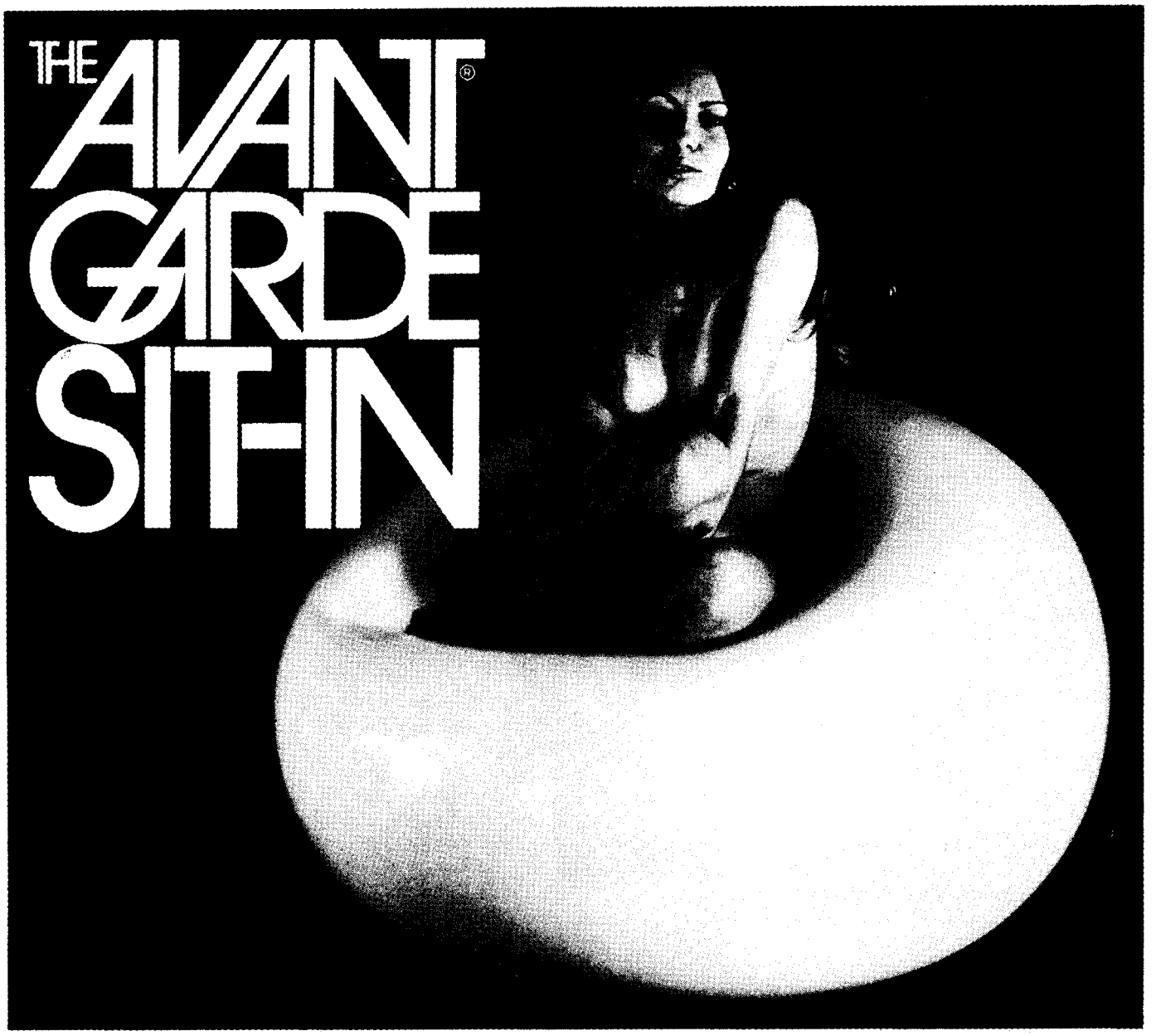

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radical change, risking President's Rule being held over their heads again, or they follow a more moderate road, keeping the power—but the people will lose all caution. The latter risk has obviously been chosen.*

"We don't have any hope of doing much, and we say this honestly to the masses. We are practically impotent so long as we don't have the central power. In this sense, we don't believe in parliamentary means. But one shouldn't refuse the parliamentary weapon right off. We can be in power and help strikes perfectly well. The only thing is that one has to let the people know that there are limits."

Eight a.m. The little man with the debonair appearance looks almost like an accused man in his modest office of Tribandrum where he consults the day's files. EMS Namboodiripad, familiarly called EMS, is the target of many people's rage. The industrialists treat him like a "red," the Naxalites like a "turncoat." For others, like the American Consul of Bombay, the "Chief Minister of Kerala is a remarkable man, perhaps the most remarkable man in India, but he can't do anything." In fact, Kerala is perishing because of a lack of industrialization, which is especially strange since it is this state which, thanks to its spice, tea and copra, supplies 25 per cent of the foreign currency of the central government. Kerala is reduced to drawing part of its resources from money orders sent to families by Kerala men living in other states of India or abroad. Yet how can a Communist government which is favorable "a priori" to the workers and not to capital attract the industrialists and get them to invest in an area which is threatened by social upheaval?

*The United Front in Kerala broke down in October 1969, and the CPI-M left the government, which is now led by a chief minister of the still more revisionist CPI. [*Editor's note*]

Photograph by Phillipe Gavi

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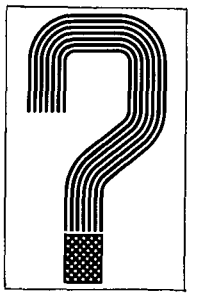

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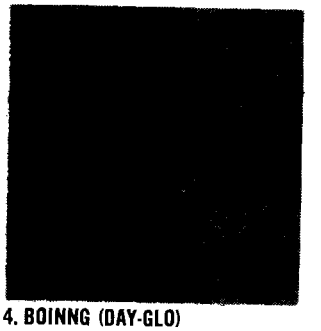

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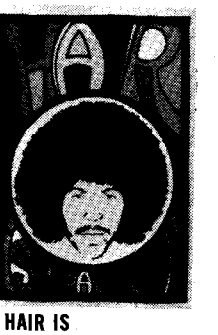

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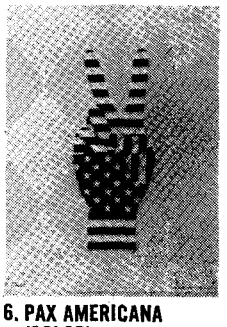

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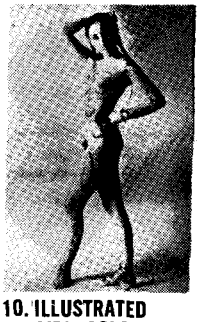

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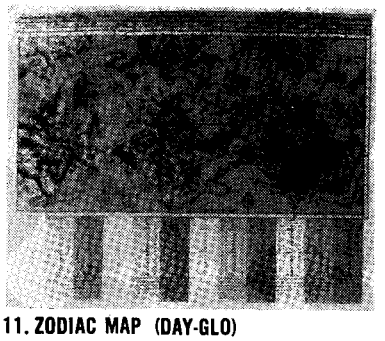

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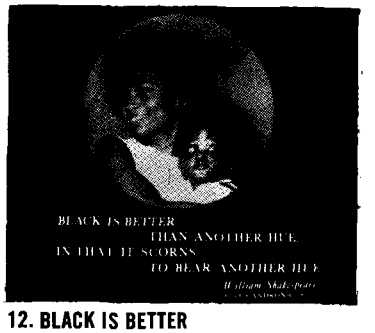

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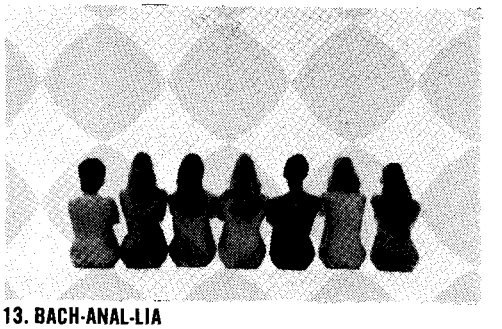

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Two directors of the First National City Bank confided to me in the very exclusive English-type Bengal Club of Calcutta that "it's out of the question for the industrialists to invest in Kerala or in West Bengal." At the bar sit "ladies and gentlemen"—mostly European, mixed with a couple of Indian magnates to whom the club has only recently been opened; with monocles and mustaches they look so "British" that they become caricatures. This whole universe has subsisted, and in fact done well, during the CP's take-over. And this sovereign elite society has no intention of risking anything at all—especially since in spite of the United Front's efforts to extinguish the fire, social "agitation" continues to spread. Strikes and *gheraos* are now daily events. Sometimes the police intervene, killing demonstrators. The government disclaims unjustified brutality. To sum it up, things are in an impossible state.

THE CPI-M HAS ACTUALLY produced its own Trojan Horse. In 1967 the United Front encouraged the movements for peasant demands. These demands took on special meaning in the Naxalbari area, which is a sub-district of Siliguri at the foot of the Himalayan chain of Darjeeling, in West Bengal. Gradually, thanks to CPI-M organizers like Mr. Kanu Sanyal, revolutionary peasant committees began appearing. The estates of large landowners were taken over; their farms were burned. Despite the appeals for calm by the Central Committee and by the government of the United Front, the movement turned into insurrection. The United Front became resigned to the fact that police forces sent to the spot brutally repressed the rebellion which, being poorly organized and without arms, was crushed in a couple of months, costing many lives. The limit was reached because of the Party's attitude: a group of the most militant members broke off, forming a revolutionary committee.

Little by little, the Naxalite movement—the name they have adopted in homage to Naxalbari—took on larger proportions. On May 1, 1969, while tens of thousands of pro-Naxalite demonstrators rushed to the march organized by the CPI-M, Kanu Sanyal, recently let out of prison, announced the constitution of a third Communist party, the Indian Marxist-Leninist-Maoist Communist Party (CPI[M-L]), calling for Chinese-type armed struggle in which groups of men surround the cities. Besides the CPI[M-L], other groups of Naxalites, such as the Nagi Reddy group in the Srikakulam district, led an armed struggle.

"Our country has no hope; we lose before we begin," I was told by the director of an insurance company. A Communist in his youth, he thinks of himself as an "average Indian." "We can't get angry: not even when people were dying in the streets like flies during the famines in Calcutta."

Around us, behind the barbed wire fence, lies Calcutta, the monstrous city. From a study made by the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce in December 1968, it was learned that the city has one hospital bed per 333,000 inhabitants. Three million people are unemployed in West Bengal. The water is 45 per cent virus-infested; 200,000 people sleep on the sidewalks while 50 per cent of the industrial capacity of the country is concentrated in this state. Hell must be like Calcutta. Calcutta is paved with thin brown flesh. Lizards. Mutilated bodies. The blind. Rickshaws pursue me, ringing their bells. Poverty-stricken civil servants are squeezed together in old busses. Intellectuals are out of work: there are 80,000 engineers without jobs in India. Students don't have the right books. Peasants from Bihar who have neither land nor work come to fail and perhaps to die under the commercial arcades of Jawaharlal Nehru Road. Workers with salaries of 150 to 200 rupees live in sewers. Solemn old buildings of the colonial period are falling apart. The country is falling apart. The country is going downhill although the birth rate, according to documents of the International Monetary Fund, is down by 0.7 per cent since 1947.

THE FACT THAT NOTHING has changed since the victory of the United Front is not normal. How absurd it was to nationalize the banks—which has nothing to do with socializing the country. How absurd the campaign of Mr. Giri for President—using axes, the symbol of the United Front, and alarm clocks, the symbol of the Congress Party, to decorate a city in which a man can walk down the road completely naked without being noticed at all. And yet the clenched fists, the cries of protest, the riots, the farmers who are attacked, the estates which are taken over, the red flags which are beginning to show through the long gray Indian night, certainly show that hope is not as dead as my insurance director would like to think. On the contrary, hope is appearing a little everywhere. Sometimes it bursts out. Little by little power is being set up in the streets.

Neither Mr. Desai (formerly Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister, and one of the powerful members of the "Syndicate"—those in the Congress Party who represent big business) nor Mr. Namboodiripad takes the Naxalite movement lightly, because they know very well that it corresponds to an unbelievable feeling of frustration. One of them proposes repression and economic development; the other rightly shows how economic development in the present system is not possible, but puts off insurrection "till tomorrow." The "average Indian" still believes in a passive India, even though people are getting angry everywhere. Often the anger doesn't take political form. Sometimes it takes the form of criminal action or acts of spontaneous violence, like the riots in February 1969 which stopped the city of Bombay for five days. This pressure explains the safety valves which are opening up: On August 16, 1969, Mr. Giri, the "left" candidate, supported by the left wing and center of Congress and notably by Prime Minister Mrs. Gandhi, beat Mr. Sanjiva Reddy, the candidate of the Official Congress and of the right. In a way, Congress votes against the Congress. The "left," Socialists, Communists, Congress supporters, claim the victory. But whose victory is it?

While traditional political parties are still fighting it out among themselves to gain a couple of seats and to protect some of their interests, a large movement is being born without their knowledge. In its political form it is affecting only two states, and only several pockets within those states. But the movement is growing, gnawing at borders and social barriers. Undoubtedly India still doesn't have her new Yenan. But India does not and will never again conform to the classic model of non-violence.

Phillipe Gavi is a French journalist and a contributor to Sartre's magazine, Le Nouvel Observateur. Translated by Judy Oringer.

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Huey would say, "a newspaper is the voice of a party, the voice of the Panther must be heard throughout the land."

The line dividing the progressive people from the machinery of oppression is ever widening as the people begin to realize that there can no longer be a middle of the road position with regards to freedom for the people of the world; however, it has only been within the past four years that the ameriKKKan people have shed their rose-colored glasses and patriotic blinders to face the reality of what their country was doing to the world's population. With the realization of the ameriKKKan role came the closer examination of all the things that had really never been questioned before....the 'ameriKKKan dream', the foreign policy, the treatment of minority peoples within this society, the real role of the 'police' and the press.

We found we as citizens of this country were being kept duped by the government and kept misinformed by the mass media.

In an effort to give the facts to the people, the so-called 'underground press' developed with various groups setting up newspapers and magazines with differing emphasis.

The Black Panther Party Black Community News Service was created to present factual, reliable information to the people.

The Black Panther Party has been organized to serve the needs of the people of the Black community and to educate and politicize the masses of Black people, but the Black Panther Party realizes that racism can only be eliminated by solidarity among oppressed people and the educating of all the people. It is the news and problems of Black and oppressed people in ameriKKKa that are dealt with in the Black Panther Party along with international news.

The Black Panther Party Black Community News Service is the alternative to the 'government approved' stories presented in the mass media and the product of an effort to present the facts, not stories as dictated by the oppressor, but as seen from the other end of a gun.

July 1967--Minister of Defense, Huey P. Newton (right) and Chairman, Bobby Seale (left), reading an early edition of B.P.P. Newspaper at the home of Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information B.P.P.

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Fragments from the Shooting Gallery

HE HAS BEEN ENIGMATIC, playing our game and allowing us to make of him a victim or monster, whichever suits our fantasies. Equal parts of Chaplin and Jack the Ripper, he has been arrested 37 times in his 35 years. When asked if he can read and think well enough to conduct his own defense, he says cagily that he has been too much in prison to get much of an education, but yes, he can struggle through it. He knows the language of oppression, having grown up in the '50's, a time when the kid from the other side of the tracks was still an occasion for sentimentality and long before it occurred to anyone that this kid, freewheeling in the cultural revolution, might become a warlock, practicing sexual black magic on his witches and laying bad karma on us all.

"You want to know about my philosophy?" he asks the journalist, as if he were a real estate agent querying someone who wondered about an exotic vacation spot. "You want to know where my philosophy comes from? I'll tell you. I'm not from your society. I have spent most of my life in a world of bars and solitary confinement. My philosophy comes from underneath the boots and sticks and clubs they beat people with who come from the wrong side of the tracks. People like me are society's scapegoats."

He has a sense of theater, but it's hard to tell if it comes from the Stanislavsky method popular in the '50's, or the freer style of the Yippies.

[II]

SHE IS A PRETTY 21-year-old prison songstress, trying to look demure and misled, but unable to suppress a barmaid's wanton eye. You sense that if Manson hadn't found her, Susan Atkins could have been anything she wanted—a car-hop, say, or a highbrow groupie. But now she is a witch, and she has only two items of magic left: an attorney and a P.R. man. The one tries to save her life by getting her to give state's evidence; the other, a hack named Lawrence Schilling, attempts this by helping compile and sell the official edition of her confessions—a volume filled with "O Wows" and "Flashes," the Aquarian Age's variation on "Golly Gee." She is passive, victimized by Manson and her own epiphanies, as when, after holding Sharon Tate's arms so "Tex" can stab her, she returns to the body and wonders if she should rip open the eight-months pregnant belly and save the child. A drama within a drama: "I flashed, wow, there's a living being in there."

When this Miranda describes the strange powers of her Caliban, one has the option of reading it like a poem:

"It was done
to instill fear
in man himself,
man,
the establishment.
That's what it was done for:
to instill fear
to cause paranoia
to show the black man
how
to go about taking over
the white."

One imagines her reciting this into the tape-recorder with Little Orphan Annie's button eyes, speaking with the uncomprehending wonder of one who just got her first period. Susan is not much of a proponent of Women's Liberation. She inspires the age-old question: what's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

by Marshall Singer

Photographs by Wide World Photos

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[III]

A HIPPIE IN TOPANGA CANYON tells of Manson's occasional trips into town to find new subjects for hypnosis and to put his ear to the ground. He says that his commune was put off, not so much by Manson's frenzied eyes, as by his far-out plans, one of which was to assemble a fleet of dune-buggies, place gun mounts on their dashboards, and then launch this armada against the pigs. Every cop from the Mojave to Los Angeles would be wiped out; Manson's Family would beat it back to their retreat and watch the blacks get blamed. After the race war/holocaust, when blacks and whites had annihilated each other, the Family would come out of their desert bombshelter to take over.

This fantasy is one part Edward Teller and one part Bucky Fuller.

[IV]

IN THE EARLY SIXTIES, we had our own magical potions. One was called Involvement, and it could change the way things operate. Especially after the '50's, this seemed appealing. A handsome young President—ours, it seemed—held out the vision of an America that had gotten moving again, that sent its young people like Christian Soldiers onward into the world, armed with giving a damn. At the time, not to believe all this was gauche, there was a sense that we had tripped upon a defect in the dream. Call it apathy, or better yet, embarrassment—it was something that had to be remedied. But we all build our various kinds of retreats. When Manson breaks in upon us, it is with a reality that is both too complex and too banal to understand. But it is still frightening. And the alleged second murder, that of La Bianca, the grocery family, is scarier than the first. Unlike Sharon Tate and her crowd, they were not beautiful people. Worse yet, as Susan Atkins says, they were picked at random.

[V]

ALL THE TALK ABOUT violence coming from down the barrel of one lone crazed assassin seems like a vaudeville routine, tolerated not because it is especially funny, but because it satisfies certain expectations. John Mitchell doesn't believe it; nor does his wife, that belle of a Brunhilde with her Heidelberg drawl. For his part, it is doubtful that Charlie Manson believes it either. Conspiracy is the order of the day, both in Hollywood and in Chicago.

[VI]

FOR ALL THE HEAVY load of contemporary life that he is supposed to represent, there is much of the '50's at work in Manson and his notoriety. Perhaps it is that the culture, which picked him out, is returning to that era as a golden age.

The other night, not long after the evening news had shown

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Manson—tiny between two beefy jailers, and a little shy—on his way to court, one of the vintage expressions of the '50's, a movie called The Invasion of the Body Snatchers, was shown. It captured the paranoia, which one was too young to understand but old enough to participate in, very nicely. It was cryptographic of the Communist menace. They, the Reds, with their patented kind of amazing stealth (not part of the emotional repertoire of open-faced Mid-America) could enter a mind; could take it over and transform it so subtly that a mercy killing was the only response. This happened on the Herbert Philbrick half-hour with regularity, and also in the science fiction of the era. The pods land in some town; they are possessed with a diabolical rhythm and infernal purpose; one body is snatched, it in turn snatches others; appearance counts for nothing, and your best friend, your lover, could be one; it is a human domino theory. They can only be stopped by filling little counter-pods with lethal doses of Americanism.

The Manson we can never know, the one who underneath all the low theater about God and Satan does not pretend to be a prophet of the apocalypse, he came of age in the '50's. Does he savor the irony of being the Body Snatcher of our time, when the devil theory applies mainly to the young? Only under these terms could someone be fried for hypnotizing others to murder.

[VII]

NIXON'S NOTION OF a Silent Majority resembles a sort of country-club for the lobotomized; a huge geriatrics ward that the whole nation can and must live in, regardless of age. But it needs Manson to become a successful strategy. For it must become part of a social contract: in return for giving up certain things when you join up with the Silent Majority, you are protected from the lupine Mansons lurking beyond the pale of respectability.

[VIII]

THE SCREENPLAY FOR the Sharon Tate Murders is not yet complete. But the scenario now has Manson taking the rap for *avant-gardistes* everywhere. No matter that he is an inappropriate symbol. With all his half delirious religious talk, he is finally a Christ. Middle America presides over his execution, knowing that the whole situation is unreal. Unlike, say, the murder of the Clutter family, which really took place, happening in the spiritual and geographic heartland of the country, the Sharon Tate affair was very Hollywood. On one level, you might even see it as a dark allegory of a process Variety magazine keeps talking about: low-budget reality coming in to destroy the multi-million dollar make-believe and oppressive style of the old extravaganza. On another level, it is the perfect situation for those whose bloodlust, suppressed as it is by the Protestant Ethic, is often not apparent. In this case, nobody *real* gets hurt. It is like Mark Twain's famous savagery in *Huckleberry Finn*, when Huck is asked by a woman if anyone was hurt in a steamboat accident. "No'm," he replies, "a couple of niggers was killed though."

In this, it is the jet-setting beautiful people with their presumptive kinky sex, their dabbling in drugs and their influence in high places, vs. the group-congressing, acid-shocked hippies. They are equally alien; they both lose. As we return to the wholesome Americana of the '50's, this film will be rated G.

[IX]

PEOPLE SAY THERE IS a new mood spreading over the hip populace of Southern California, on the communes in the Valley and among panhandlers on the Sunset Strip. They say there is a pogrom coming against the hippies, and that Manson, not a hippie at all, but a crazy ex-con, has fucked it up for everybody. It was possible, but, as Peter Fonda says, "We blew it."

[X]

THERE ARE OVER A DOZEN books on the murders in various stages of preparation. One raunchy movie is miraculously already out, and others are on their way. Nothing, as it works out, is immune from salesmanship. If the Marquis de Sade were alive today, he would be a millionaire, packaging ideas on crime. (If crime doesn't pay, how come so many people buy it?) Manson's humiliation, if indeed he did it and thought of himself as an artist, was in seeing his saga degraded to the familiar story of superfreak coming to supermarket. They say that Susan Atkins, merely a hippie sort of gun moll, got $150,000 for her story. Manson has gotten nothing. If there is a simple economic lesson in all this, it is that you shouldn't let it all hang out in the public domain. Sell the rights first, and then commit the crime.

[XI]

I AM READING THE NEWSPAPER, studying with particular interest the picture of Manson in semi-profile. He has, in the interests of justice, gotten his beard cut off, although his long hair is as it has been. The five-year-old boy from next door is over playing with our cat. He glances over casually at the object of my attention and says, "Is that Tiny Tim?"

[XII]

THE MINUTE HE WAS PICKED up, Charlie Manson belonged to history, not to himself. There is a lot of talk about those electrifying eyes, spaced-out desperately in some kind of homicidal inner orbit. But really, are they much more than the marquee by which society has chosen to advertise the whole affair? They are symbols within a symbol. For Manson doesn't have any options. We make of him what we want: a Chaplinesque little man whose civil liberties are taken away; a Promethean figure who struck such a blow against the ruling class; or whatever. It is an intersection of fates, ours with Manson's. For some reason, we picked up on him, decided to use him as a way of probing the quality of our culture, of asking questions in synthetic anguish: "How did we produce such a creature as this?" We have selected him, stranded him in our own inscrutability, made of him one of those deliciously elusive puzzles by which we always *almost* understand things. We create him to allow us to do conceptual gymnastics; to do a ritual dance of purgation around him. It is a shallow exercise; no deep breathing is required.

Is there satisfaction, one wonders, even from the vantage point of solitary confinement, in seeing a society make work for itself?

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What the NLF Wants

by Franz Schurmann

Photograph by J. P. Fizet/Globe Photos

IT IS A REMARKABLE but instructive fact that the principal documents setting forth the solution to the Vietnam war proposed by the NLF and the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam (PRG) have never before been published in full in the United States. This defect has now been remedied by Gabriel Kolko, who has put together three of these crucial NLF documents.* Far more definite and comprehensive than any statements that have ever been issued by Washington or Saigon, these documents provide an indispensable means for understanding the Front and its Provisional Government today.

Beacon Press is to be congratulated on putting out this small brochure which, alas, will not become a best-seller. Despite America's deep-rooted tradition of law, few Americans any longer have the patience to read legal documents—fewer yet if the documents come from Communists, who, we have long been taught, rule by force and violence. I myself must admit to such impatience.

Kolko's introduction, along with Richard J. Barnet's recent

*THREE DOCUMENTS OF THE NATIONAL LIBERATION FRONT. *Edited by Gabriel Kolko.* Beacon Press. $.95.

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article, "How Hanoi Sees Nixon" (New York Review of Books, January 29, 1970), is illuminating because it analyzes "Vietnamization" and the stalemate in Paris in political-military terms. These two authors—like the frankest of the American military spokesmen in South Vietnam—make clear that the course of the war is being determined not by the talks in Paris but by the balance of forces in South Vietnam.

The silent majority hopes that somehow the war will fade away. The opponents of the war know that it will not. The right wing agrees and awaits the crisis that will permit them once again to escalate. The American military, which in 1965 was already getting tired of McNamara's counter-insurgency maneuverings, sees the war entirely as a confrontation of forces which the Americans can win by virtue of their devastating air power. Despite American preoccupation with the military aspect of the war, however, the Vietnam war is still more a political than a military conflict. Or rather one should say it is political for the Vietnamese. For whatever happens, the Vietnamese will remain. And those in power will have to rule with an effective government which somewhere, somehow, has to have a basis in the society.

IT IS THIS REALITY to which the NLF directs itself in these documents. Primarily political rather than military statements, they are addressed not to the United States, but to the Vietnamese people, or rather to those Vietnamese opposed to Thieu who are searching for a road to peace and independence. In these documents, which are the expression of thousands of political contacts between the NLF and anti-Thieu and anti-American forces in South Vietnam and of argumentation within the NLF coalition itself, the NLF has sketched out a political settlement which can be achieved by the Vietnamese themselves.

A political settlement in South Vietnam independent of the United States *is* feasible. Although publicly American officials say they have no control over the Thieu regime, privately they do everything they can to see that neither Thieu nor any other South Vietnamese does anything unbeknownst to them. In actual fact, however, independent contacts between the NLF, elements of the Saigon regime and non-governmental South Vietnamese have been going on for years. In many parts of South Vietnam, this has led to a phenomenon which the Americans call "accommodation." Accommodation is an agreement between NLF and Saigon forces not to shoot at each other; usually it has broken down when American "advisers" have appeared on the scene demanding to know why the South Vietnamese are not defending freedom more actively. But accommodation is only one manifestation of an exceedingly complex network of political linkages, rivalries and open conflicts among Vietnamese which has been years in the building. I have even heard that the same has been going on in Paris with only the partial knowledge of the Americans.

THIEU HAS MADE IT CLEAR that his political power lies with the army and the police. He figures that once the Americans exterminate the "Vietcong," his guns can keep the population subservient. His reckonings are those of all military dictators. The NLF has for years been building a different kind of government, based primarily on the peasant majority of the country. And for years American officials have debated the relative strength of the "VC infrastructure," many times proclaiming its final extirpation. (Casual reading of the New York Times, however, shows that once "pacified" areas seem to slip back with increasing frequency into "VC" control.)

Between Thieu's military and police on the one hand, and the peasants organized by the NLF on the other, is a third segment of the population—the urban middle classes, which last showed their political power in the "Buddhist" movement of earlier years. They were finally crushed, with American assistance, by Marshal Ky in 1966. Today their power appears in more muted and fragmented form; periodically they emerge as a "third (non-Communist) force" opposed to Thieu and in favor of an immediate end to the war. It is to these forces and the considerable population they represent that the NLF and PRG documents are addressed. If the rural peasants and the urban middle classes achieve an alliance, then a political settlement is indeed near. All that remains in the way is the American occupation force and its creature, the Thieu army and police.

THE NLF PROPOSES a coalition government representing these two forces. Already, numerous third force voices have been raised in Saigon indicating a willingness to try it out. Considering the complex political network in South Vietnam, we can be sure that the NLF proposals and third force response are not merely shots in the dark, but the results of lengthy contacts between the two groups. Thieu of course is bitterly opposed to such contacts and alliances. But he is also frightened, as evidenced by his visible timidity in repressing them. Such timidity cannot be explained by any kindliness on his part, but rather by his recognizing that there is force behind the NLF proposals. For his part, Nixon has made his complete support of Thieu absolutely clear. Even Nixonite verbiage cannot conceal America's total hostility to any form of coalition government in Saigon.

Americans, then, should read these documents not as arid legalisms or Communist propaganda, but as reflections of a real process of government-building now going on in South Vietnam. One has only to read the public statements of Saigon "peace candidates" or of anti-Thieu political figures in Saigon to see the closeness of the two tracks of thinking. One should also go back and read what the third force had to say four or five years ago. At that time they were resolutely opposed to Diem, Khanh, Ky or whoever else was in power, but they were even more opposed to any collaboration with the NLF. They aspired to power in their own right and thought the Americans might help them get it. Now they speak of coalition.

The Nixon reaction has been to portray the coalition as just another way for the Communists to seize power, and to assert that a victory for the NLF would be followed by horrendous massacres. Here Nixon's opinion, for once, does not count. What counts is what the Vietnamese themselves believe. And more and more of them have come to believe that the NLF can only rule South Vietnam if it has the support of the urban middle classes. These documents show that the NLF has come to that same conclusion.

Franz Schurmann is Professor of History and Sociology at the University of California at Berkeley and the author of Ideology and Organization in Communist China (*Univ. of Calif. Press*).

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[A CUBAN ARTIST VIEWS NORTH VIETNAM]

ecious than
Freedom"
Chi Minh

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS

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"I HAD EXPECTED VIETNAM to be very different from what I found. There had been so much bombing, so much destruction. I expected it to be very sad, very desolate, very—black and white."

The speaker was Rene Mederos, a young Cuban artist who had just completed a set of 32 silkscreens depicting the variety of activities that are a part of life in Vietnam at war—from the planting of rice, to school children in trenches, to underground factories, to guerrillas moving through the jungle.

"If Vietnam had been as you'd imagined—so sad and depressing—would you have come back and done your paintings in black and white?" I asked.

"Yes," he nodded, "I would have."

The title of this collection, part of which is reproduced here, is taken from a quote by Ho Chi Minh: "Nothing is more precious than independence and freedom." And in fact what impressed Mederos most about North Vietnam was not the destruction but the determination to win that lies behind the words which he chose as the title. It is for this reason that Mederos put such incredible energy, such vibrant color into his paintings—to convey the life, the confidence, the spirit which he found in the Vietnamese people.

Mederos was sent to North Vietnam in February 1969 by the Cuban government as part of a program of cultural exchange between the two countries. The Cuban artist spent two months living with the Vietnamese, sharing their food, their lodgings and their dangers.

Mederos' trip and his art are part of an effort to convey the reality of the Vietnam struggle to the masses of Cuban people, who in this "Year of the Decisive Effort" are themselves engaged in a critical struggle for the future of their revolution. The desire to use art to communicate in this way is what led Mederos to work in silkscreens—a medium which lends itself to duplication, thus making original art work available in all parts of the island.

The first showing of the full exhibit of 32 paintings had its "opening" via national television—putting an end once and for all to the small-clique, private gallery openings that had been the custom in the past. That original set was presented as a gift to the Vietnamese Embassy in Havana. Sixteen of the paintings were chosen for reproduction and 300 copies of each were made. These have been shown in schools, work places and public buildings in every town and province in Cuba. Four complete sets have found their way to the United States, gifts from the artist to the American Movement.

Several of these sets are being shown by the Venceremos Brigade to raise money to send Americans to Cuba to participate in the Ten Million Ton sugar harvest. Those interested in displaying the silkscreens or contributing to the Brigade should contact The Brigade, 1925 Grove Street, Berkeley, California, 415-549-3977.—KAREN WALD

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GUERRILLA FIGHTERS MOVING THROUGH JUNGLE

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GUERRILLA FIGHTER

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ONE OF FEW BRIDGES IN NORTH VIETNAM STILL STANDING IN ORIGINAL FORM

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ANTING RICE

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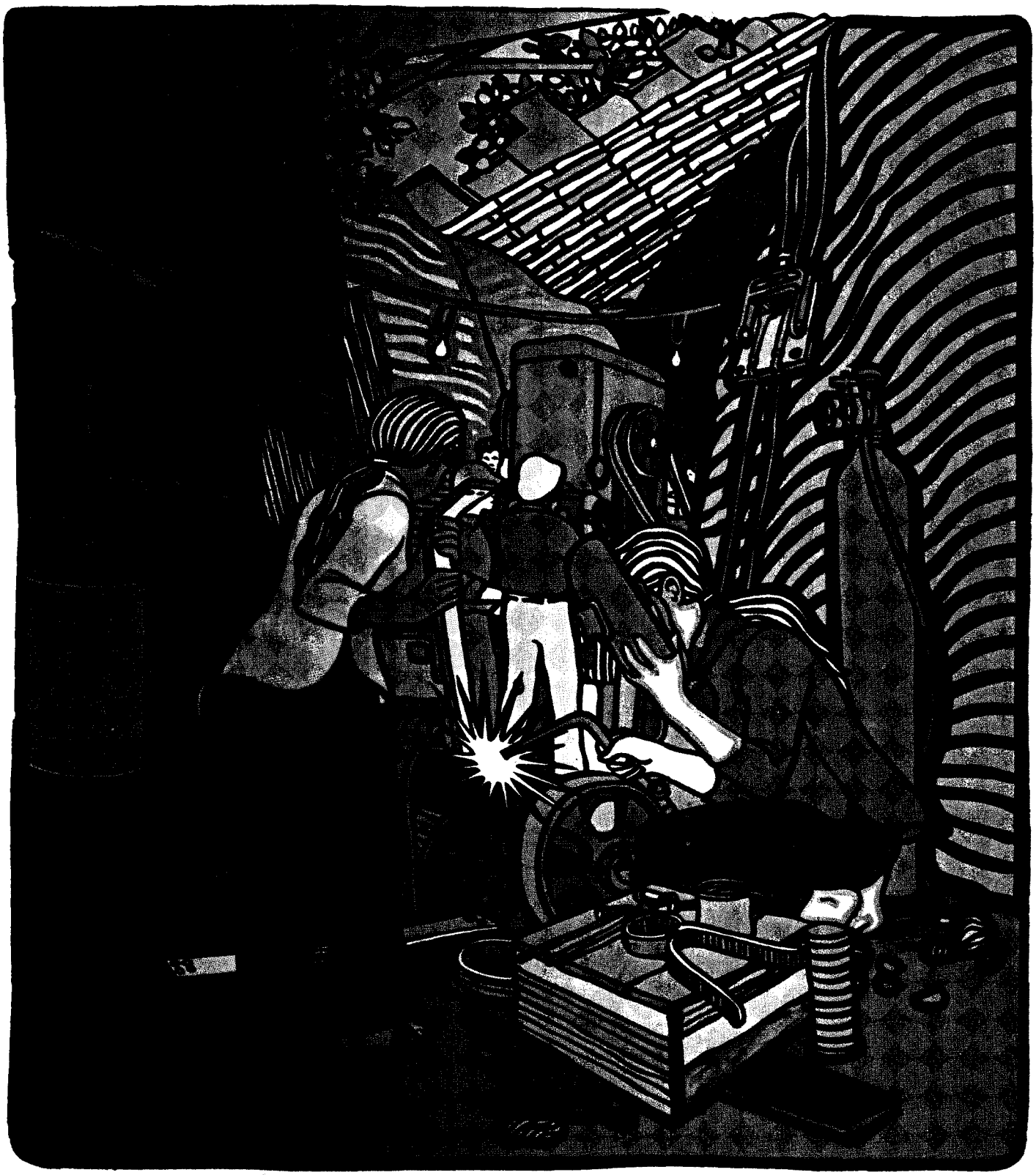

WELDERS IN UNDERGROUND FACTORY

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THE END OF UTOPIA

TODAY ANY FORM of the concrete world, of human life, any transformation of the technical and natural environment is a possibility, and the locus of this possibility is historical. Today we have the capacity to turn the world into hell, and we are well on the way to doing so. We also have the capacity to turn it into the opposite of hell. This would mean the end of utopia, that is, the refutation of those ideas and theories that use the concept of utopia to denounce certain socio-historical possibilities. It can also be understood as the "end of history" in the very precise sense that the new possibilities for a human society and its environment can no longer be thought of as continuations of the old, nor even as existing in the same historical continuum with them. Rather, they presuppose a break with the historical continuum; they presuppose the qualitative difference between a free society and societies that are still unfree, which, according to Marx, makes all previous history only the prehistory of mankind.

But I believe that even Marx was still too tied to the notion of a continuum of progress, that even his idea of socialism may not yet represent, or no longer represent, the determinate negation of capitalism it was supposed to. That is, today the notion of the end of utopia implies the necessity of at least discussing a new definition of socialism. The discussion would be based on the question whether decisive elements of the Marxian concept of socialism do not belong to a now obsolete stage in the development of the forces of production. This obsolescence is expressed most clearly, in my opinion, in the distinction between the realm of freedom and the realm of necessity according to which the realm of freedom can be conceived of and can exist only beyond the realm of necessity. This division implies that the realm of necessity remains so in the sense of a realm of alienated labor, which means, as Marx says, that the only thing that can happen within it is for labor to be organized as rationally as possible and reduced as much as possible. But it remains labor in and of the realm of necessity and thereby unfree. I believe that one of the new possibilities, which gives an indication of the qualitative difference between the free and the unfree society is that of letting the realm of freedom appear within the realm of necessity—in labor and not only beyond labor. To put this speculative idea in a provocative form, I would say that we must face the possibility that the path to socialism may proceed from science to utopia and not from utopia to science.

Utopia is a historical concept. It refers to projects for social change that are considered impossible. Impossible for what reasons? In the usual discussion of utopia the impossibility of realizing the project of a new society exists when the subjective and objective factors of a given social situation stand in the way of the transformation—the so-called immaturity of the social situation. Communistic projects during the French Revolution and, perhaps, socialism in the most highly developed capitalist countries are both examples of a real or alleged absence of the subjective and objective factors that seem to make realization impossible.

The project of a social transformation, however, can also be considered unfeasible because it contradicts certain scientifically established laws, biological laws, physical laws; for example, such projects as the age-old idea of eternal youth or the idea of a return to an alleged golden age. I believe that we can now speak of utopia only in this latter sense, namely when a project for social change contradicts real laws of nature. Only such a project is utopian in the strict sense, that is, beyond history—but even this "ahistoricity" has a historical limit.

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by Herbert Marcuse

Illustrations by George Willett

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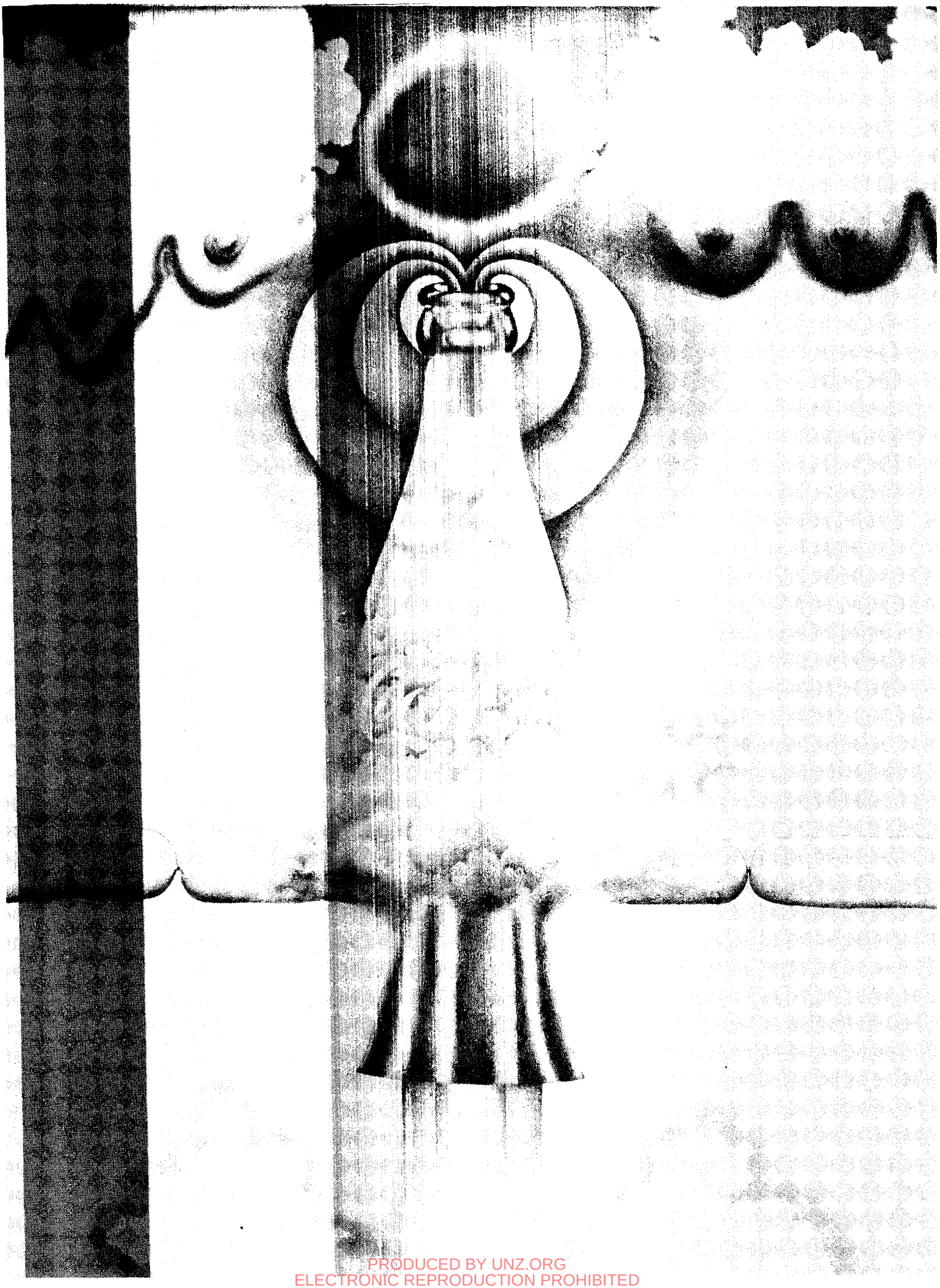

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The other group of projects, where the impossibility is due to the absence of subjective and objective factors, can at best be designated only as "provisionally" unfeasible. Karl Mannheim's criteria for the unfeasibility of such projects, for instance, are inadequate for the very simple reason, to begin with, that unfeasibility shows itself only after the fact. And it is not surprising that a project for social transformation is designated unfeasible because it has shown itself unrealized in history. Secondly, however, the criterion of unfeasibility in this sense is inadequate because it may very well be the case that the realization of a revolutionary project is hindered by counterforces and countertendencies that can be and are overcome precisely in the process of revolution. For this reason it is questionable to set up the absence of specific subjective and objective factors as an objection to the feasibility of radical transformation. Especially—and this is the question with which we are concerned here—the fact that no revolutionary class can be defined in the capitalist countries that are technically most highly developed does not mean that Marxism is utopian. The social agents of revolution—and this is orthodox Marx—are formed only in the process of the transformation itself, and one cannot count on a situation in which the revolutionary forces are there ready-made, so to speak, when the revolutionary movement begins. But in my opinion there is one valid criterion for possible realization, namely, when the material and intellectual forces for the transformation are technically at hand although their rational application is prevented by the existing organization of the forces of production. And in this sense, I believe, we can today speak of an end of utopia.

All the material and intellectual forces which could be put to work for the realization of a free society are at hand. That they are not used for that purpose is to be attributed to the total mobilization of existing society against its own potential for liberation. But this situation in no way makes the idea of radical transformation itself a utopia.

The abolition of poverty and misery is possible in the sense I have described, as are the abolition of alienated labor and the abolition of what I have called "surplus repression." Even in bourgeois economics there is scarcely a serious scientist or investigator who would deny that the abolition of hunger and of misery is possible with the productive forces that already exist technically and that what is happening today must be attributed to the global politics of a repressive society. But although we are in agreement on this we are still not sufficiently clear about the implication of this technical possibility for the abolition of poverty, of misery, and of labor. The implication is that these historical possibilities must be conceived in forms that signify a break rather than a continuity with previous history, its negation rather than its positive continuation, difference rather than progress. They signify the liberation of a dimension of human existence this side of the material basis, the transformation of needs.

What is at stake is the idea of a new theory of man, not only as theory but also as a way of existence: the genesis and development of a vital need for freedom and of the vital needs of freedom—of a freedom no longer based on and limited by scarcity and the necessity of alienated labor. The development of qualitatively new human needs appears as a biological necessity; they are needs in a very biological sense. For among a great part of the manipulated population in the developed capitalist countries the need for freedom does not or no longer exists as a vital, necessary need. Along with these vital needs the new theory of man also implies the genesis of a new morality as the heir and the negation of the Judeo-Christian morality which up to now has characterized the history of Western civilization. It is precisely the continuity of the needs developed and satisfied in a repressive society that reproduces this repressive society over and over again within the individuals themselves. Individuals reproduce repressive society in their needs, which persist even through revolution, and it is precisely this continuity which up to now has stood in the way of the leap from quantity into the quality of a free society. This idea implies that human needs have a historical character. All human needs, including sexuality, lie beyond the animal world. They are historically determined and historically mutable. And the break with the continuity of those needs that already carry repression within them, the leap into qualitative difference, is not a mere invention but inheres in the development of the productive forces themselves. That development has reached a level where it actually demands new vital needs in order to do justice to its own potentialities.

WHAT ARE THE TENDENCIES of the productive forces that make this leap from quantity into quality possible? Above all, the technification of domination undermines the foundation of domination. The progressive reduction of physical labor power in the production process (the process of material production) and its replacement to an increasing degree by mental labor concentrate socially necessary labor in the class of technicians, scientists, engineers, etc. This suggests possible liberation from alienated labor. It is of course a question only of tendencies, but of tendencies that are grounded in the development and the continuing existence of capitalist society. If capitalism does not succeed in exploiting these new possibilities of the productive forces and their organization, the productivity of labor will fall beneath the level required by the rate of profit. And if capitalism heeds this requirement and continues automation regardless, it will come up against its own inner limit: the sources of surplus value for the maintenance of exchange society will dwindle away.

In the *Grundrisse* Marx showed that complete automation of socially necessary labor is incompatible with the preservation of capitalism. Automation is only a catchword for this tendency, through which necessary physical labor, alienated labor, is withdrawn to an ever greater extent from the material process of production. This tendency, if freed from the fetters of capitalist production, would lead to a creative experimentation with the productive forces. With the abolition of poverty this tendency would mean that play with the potentialities of human and nonhuman nature would become the content of social labor. The productive imagination would become the concretely structured productive force that freely sketches out the possibilities for a free human existence on the basis of the corresponding development of material productive forces. In order for these technical possibilities not to become possibilities for repression, however, in order for them to be able to fulfill their liberating function, they must be sustained and directed by liberating and gratifying needs.

When no vital need to abolish (alienated) labor exists, when on the contrary there exists a need to continue and extend

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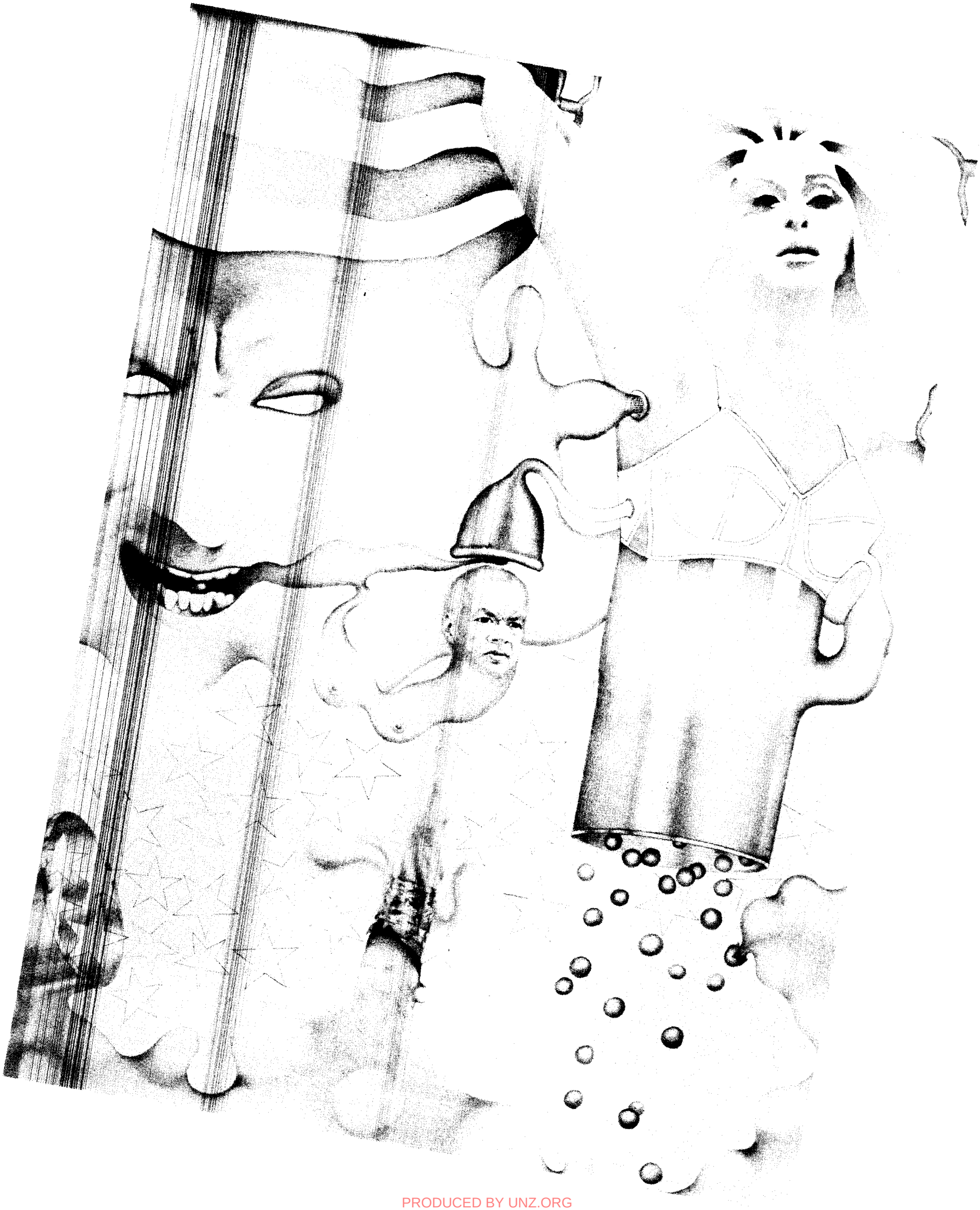

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labor, even when it is no longer socially necessary; when the vital need for joy, for happiness with a good conscience, does not exist, but rather the need to have to earn everything in a life that is as miserable as can be; when these vital needs do not exist or are suffocated by repressive ones, it is only to be expected that new technical possibilities actually become new possibilities for repression by domination.

We already know what cybernetics and computers can contribute to the total control of human existence. The new needs, which are really the determinate negation of existing needs, first make their appearance as the negation of the needs that sustain the present system of domination and the negation of the values on which they are based: for example, the negation of the need for the struggle for existence (the latter is supposedly necessary and all the ideas or fantasies that speak of the possible abolition of the struggle for existence thereby contradict the supposedly natural and social conditions of human existence); the negation of the need to earn one's living; the negation of the performance principle, of competition; the negation of the need for wasteful, ruinous productivity, which is inseparably bound up with destruction; and the negation of the vital need for deceitful repression of the instincts. These needs would be negated in the vital biological need for peace, which today is not a vital need of the majority, the need for calm, the need to be alone, with oneself or with others whom one has chosen oneself, the need for the beautiful, the need for "undeserved" happiness—all this not simply in the form of individual needs but as a social productive force, as social needs that can be activated through the direction and disposition of productive forces.

In the form of a social productive force, these new vital needs would make possible a total technical reorganization of the concrete world of human life, and I believe that new human relations, new relations between men, would be possible only in such a reorganized world. When I say technical reorganization I again speak with reference to the capitalist countries that are most highly developed, where such a restructuring would mean the abolition of the terrors of capitalist industrialization and commercialization, the total reconstruction of the cities and the restoration of nature after the horrors of capitalist industrialization have been done away with. I hope that when I speak of doing away with the horrors of capitalist industrialization it is clear I am not advocating a romantic regression behind technology. On the contrary, I believe that the potential liberating blessings of technology and industrialization will not even begin to be real and visible until capitalist industrialization and capitalist technology have been done away with.

The qualities of freedom that I have mentioned here are qualities which until now have not received adequate attention in recent thinking about socialism. Even on the left the notion of socialism has been taken too much within the framework of the development of productive forces, of increasing the productivity of labor, something which was not only justified but necessary at the level of productivity at which the idea of scientific socialism was developed but which today is at least subject to discussion. Today we must try to discuss and define—without any inhibitions, even when it may seem ridiculous—the qualitative difference between socialist society as a free society and the existing society. And it is precisely here that, if we are looking for a concept that can perhaps indicate the qualitative difference in socialist society, the aesthetic-erotic dimension comes to mind almost spontaneously, at least to me. Here the notion "aesthetic" is taken in its original sense, namely as the form of sensitivity of the senses and as the form of the concrete world of human life. Taken in this way, the notion projects the convergence of technology and art and the convergence of work and play. It is no accident that the work of Fourier is becoming topical again among the avant-garde left-wing intelligentsia. As Marx and Engels themselves acknowledged, Fourier was the only one to have made clear this qualitative difference between free and unfree society. And he did not shrink back in fear, as Marx still did, from speaking of a possible society in which work becomes play, a society in which even socially necessary labor can be organized in harmony with the liberated, genuine needs of men.

Let me make one further observation in conclusion. I have already indicated that if critical theory, which remains indebted to Marx, does not wish to stop at merely improving the existing state of affairs, it must accommodate within itself the extreme possibilities for freedom that have been only crudely indicated here, the scandal of the qualitative difference. Marxism must risk defining freedom in such a way that people become conscious of and recognize it as something that is nowhere already in existence. And precisely because the so-called utopian possibilities are not at all utopian but rather the determinate socio-historical negation of what exists, a very real and very pragmatic opposition is required of us if we are to make ourselves and others conscious of these possibilities and the forces that hinder and deny them. An opposition is required that is free of all illusion but also of all defeatism, for through its mere existence defeatism betrays the possibility of freedom to the status quo.

Questions and Answers

Question. To what extent do you see in the English pop movement a positive point of departure for an aesthetic-erotic way of life?

Marcuse. As you may know, of the many things I am reproached with, there are two that are particularly remarkable. I have supposedly asserted that today the movement of student opposition in itself can make the revolution. Second, I am supposed to have asserted that what we in America call hippies and you call *Gammler*, beatniks, are the new revolutionary class. Far be it from me to assert such a thing. What I was trying to show was that in fact today there are tendencies in society—anarchically unorganized, spontaneous tendencies—that herald a total break with the dominant needs of repressive society. The groups you have mentioned are characteristic of a state of disintegration within the system, which as a mere phenomenon has no revolutionary force whatsoever but which perhaps at some time will be able to play a role in connection with other, much stronger objective forces.

Q. You have said that technically the material and intellectual forces for revolutionary transformation exist already. In your lecture, however, you seem to be speaking of forces for "utopia," not for the transformation itself, and this question

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you have not really answered.

M. To answer this question, of course, a second lecture would be necessary. A few remarks: If Marx saw in the proletariat the revolutionary class, he did so also, and maybe even primarily, because the proletariat was free from the repressive needs of capitalist society, because the new needs for freedom could develop in the proletariat and were not suffocated by the old, dominant ones. Today in large parts of the most highly developed capitalist countries that is no longer the case. The working class no longer represents the negation of existing needs. That is one of the most serious facts with which we have to deal. As far as the forces of transformation themselves are concerned, I grant you without further discussion that today nobody is in a position to give a prescription for them in the sense of being able to point and say, "Here you have your revolutionary forces, this is their strength, this and this must be done."

The only thing I can do is point out what forces potentially make for a radical transformation of the system. Today the classical contradictions within capitalism are stronger than they have ever been before. Especially the general contradiction between the unprecedented development of the productive forces and social wealth on the one hand and of the destructive and repressive application of these forces of production on the other is infinitely more acute today than it has ever been. Second, in a global framework, capitalism today is confronted by anticapitalist forces that already stand in open battle with capitalism at different places in the world. Third, there are also negative forces within advanced capitalism itself, in the United States and also in Europe—and here I do not hesitate to name again the opposition of the intellectuals, especially students.

Today this still seems remarkable to us, but one needs only a little historical knowledge to know that it is certainly not the first time in history that a radical historical transformation has begun with students. That is the case not only here in Europe but also in other parts of the world. The role of students today as the intelligentsia out of which, as you know, the executives and leaders even of existing society are recruited, is historically more important than it perhaps was in the past. In addition there is the moral-sexual rebellion, which turns against the dominant morality and must be taken seriously as a disintegrative factor, as can be seen from the reaction to it, especially in the United States. Finally, probably, here in Europe we should add those parts of the working class that have not yet fallen prey to the process of integration. Those are the tendential forces of transformation, and to evaluate their chances, their strength, and so forth in detail would naturally be the subject of a separate and longer discussion.

Q. In your call for new biological needs, such as a new vital need for freedom, for happiness that is not repressively mediated, are you implying a qualitative transformation of the physiological structure of man that is derived from his natural history? Do you believe that that is a qualitative possibility today?

M. If you mean that with a change in the natural history of mankind the needs which I have designated as new would be able to emerge, I would say yes. Human nature—and for all his insistence on the realm of necessity Marx knew this—human nature is a historically determined nature and develops in history. Of course the natural history of man will continue. The relation of man to nature has already changed completely, and the realm of necessity will become a different realm when alienated labor can be done away with by means of perfected technology and a large part of socially necessary labor becomes a technological experiment. Then the realm of necessity will in fact be changed and we will perhaps be able to regard the qualities of free human existence, which Marx and Engels still had to assign to the realm beyond labor, as developing within the realm of labor itself.

Q. Under the conditions of maturity of the productive forces, is it still possible or valid to speak of "necessity," of necessary objective laws or even tendencies of social development? Must not the role of subjectivity be completely restructured and reevaluated as a new factor in the present period, which is perhaps what legitimates the reemergence of anarchism?

M. I consider the reevaluation and determination of the subjective factor to be one of the most decisive necessities of the present situation. The more we emphasize that the material, technical, and scientific productive forces for a free society are in existence, the more we are charged with liberating the consciousness of these realizable possibilities. For the indoctrination of consciousness against these possibilities is the characteristic situation and the subjective factor in existing society. I consider the development of consciousness, work on the development of consciousness, if you like, this idealistic deviation, to be in fact one of the chief tasks of materialism today, of revolutionary materialism. And if I give such emphasis to needs and wants, it is meant in the sense of what you call the subjective factor.

One of the tasks is to lay bare and liberate the type of man who wants revolution, who must have revolution because otherwise he will fall apart. That is the subjective factor, which today is more than a subjective factor. On the other hand, naturally, the objective factor—and this is the one place where I should like to make a correction—is organization. What I have called the total mobilization of the established society against its own potentialities is today as strong and as effective as ever. On the one hand we find the absolute necessity of first liberating consciousness, on the other we see ourselves confronted by a concentration of power against which even the freest consciousness appears ridiculous and impotent. The struggle on two fronts is more acute than it ever was. On the one hand the liberation of consciousness is necessary, on the other it is necessary to feel out every possibility of a crack in the enormously concentrated power structure of existing society. In the United States, for example, it has been possible to have relatively free consciousness because it simply has no effect.

Q. The new needs, which you spoke of as motive forces for social transformation—to what extent will they be a privilege of the metropoles? To what extent do they presuppose societies that are technically and economically very highly developed? Do you also envisage these needs in the revolution of the poor countries, for example the Chinese or the Cuban Revolution?

M. I see the trend toward these new needs at both poles of existing society, namely in the highly developed sector and in the parts of the third world engaged in liberation struggles. And in fact we see repeated here a phenomenon that is quite

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clearly expressed in Marxian theory, namely that those who are "free" of the dubious blessings of the capitalist system are those who develop the needs that can bring about a free society. For example, the Vietnamese struggling for liberation do not have to have the need for peace grafted onto them; they have it. They also have need of the defense of life against aggression. These are needs that at this level, at this antipode of established society, are really natural needs in the strictest sense; they are spontaneous. At the opposite pole, in highly developed society, are those groups, minority groups, who can afford to give birth to the new needs or who, even if they can't afford it, simply have them because otherwise they would suffocate physiologically. Here I come back to the beatnik and hippie movement. What we have here is quite an interesting phenomenon, namely the simple refusal to take part in the blessings of the "affluent society." That is in itself one of the qualitative changes of need. The need for better television sets, better automobiles, or comfort of any sort has been cast off. What we see is rather the negation of this need. "We don't want to have anything to do with all this crap." There is thus potential at both poles.

Q. It seems to me that the needs determining social revolutionary movements are quite old ones. Industrialization requires discipline. Isn't it a luxury to lump this together with aesthetic Eros?

M. But the need for freedom is not a luxury which only the metropoles can afford. The need for freedom, which spontaneously appears in social revolution as an old need, is stifled in the capitalist world. In a society such as ours, in which pacification has been achieved up to a certain point, it appears crazy at first to want revolution. For we have whatever we want. But the aim here is to transform the will itself, so that people no longer want what they now want. Thus the task in the metropoles differs from the task in Vietnam—but the two can be connected.

Q. Does not revolution become reified when the oppressed hate the oppressor to the point where the humanistic element gets lost? Is this reification one that can be undone during, or only after the revolution?

M. A really frightening question. On the one hand, I believe that one must say that the hatred of exploitation and oppression is itself a humane and humanistic element. On the other hand there is no doubt that in the course of revolutionary movements hatred emerges, without which revolution is just impossible, without which no liberation is possible. Nothing is more terrible than the sermon, "Do not hate thy opponent," in a world in which hate is thoroughly institutionalized. Naturally in the course of the revolutionary movement itself this hatred can turn into cruelty, brutality, and terror. The boundary between the two is horribly and extraordinarily in flux. The only thing that I can at least say about this is that a part of our work consists in preventing this development as much as possible, that is to show that brutality and cruelty also belong necessarily to the system of repression and that a liberation struggle simply does not need this transmogrification of hatred into brutality and cruelty. One can hit an opponent, one can vanquish an opponent, without cutting off his ears, without severing his limbs, without torturing him.

Q. It seems that you have an ideal of a harmonious society without tolerance or pluralism. Who will determine the common good in such a society? Are there to be no antagonisms? This ideal is unrealistic and, if there is to be no tolerance in resolving antagonisms, it will be undemocratic and require dictatorship.

M. Either a free society without tolerance is unthinkable, or a free society does not need tolerance because it is free anyway, so that tolerance does not have to be preached and institutionalized. A society without conflicts would be a utopian idea, but the idea of a society in which conflicts evidently exist but can be resolved without oppression and cruelty is in my opinion not a utopian idea. With regard to the concept of democracy: that is of course really a very serious matter. If I am to say in one sentence what I can offer as a momentary answer, it is only that at the moment no one could be more for a democracy than I am. My objection is only that in no existing society, and surely not in those which call themselves democratic, does democracy exist. What exists is a kind of very limited, illusory form of democracy that is beset with inequalities, while the true conditions of democracy have still to be created. On the problem of dictatorship: What I suggested was a question, namely, I cannot imagine how the state of almost total indoctrination and coordination can turn into its opposite in an evolutionary way. It seems to me inevitable that some intervention must occur in some way and that the oppressors must be suppressed in some way, since they unfortunately will not suppress themselves.

Q. It seemed to me that the center of your paper today was the thesis that a transformation of society must be preceded by a transformation of needs. For me this implies that changed needs can only arise if we first abolish the mechanisms that have let the needs come into being as they are. It seems to me that you have shifted the accent toward enlightenment and away from revolution.

M. You have defined what is unfortunately the greatest difficulty in the matter. Your objection is that, for new, revolutionary needs to develop, the mechanisms that reproduce the old needs must be abolished. In order for the mechanisms to be abolished, there must first be a need to abolish them. That is the circle in which we are placed, and I do not know how to get out of it.

Q. In connection with the problems of a new theory of man: this new theory has already found its advocates in the third world, namely Fanon, who says, "The goal is to establish the total man on earth," and Guevara, who says, "We are building the man of the twenty-first century." I should like to ask you how your ideas of a new theory of man are connected with these two declarations?

M. I had not ventured to say so, but after you yourself have said it, and you seem to know something about it, I can now say that I believe in fact, although I have not mentioned it here, that at least in some of the liberation struggles in the third world and even in some of the methods of development of the third world this new theory of man is putting itself in evidence. I would not have mentioned Fanon and Guevara as much as a small item that I read in a report about North Vietnam and that had a tremendous effect on me, since I am an absolutely incurable and sentimental romantic. It was a very detailed report, which showed, among other things, that in the parks in Hanoi the benches are made only big enough for two and *only two* people to sit on, so that another person would not even have the technical possibility of disturbing.

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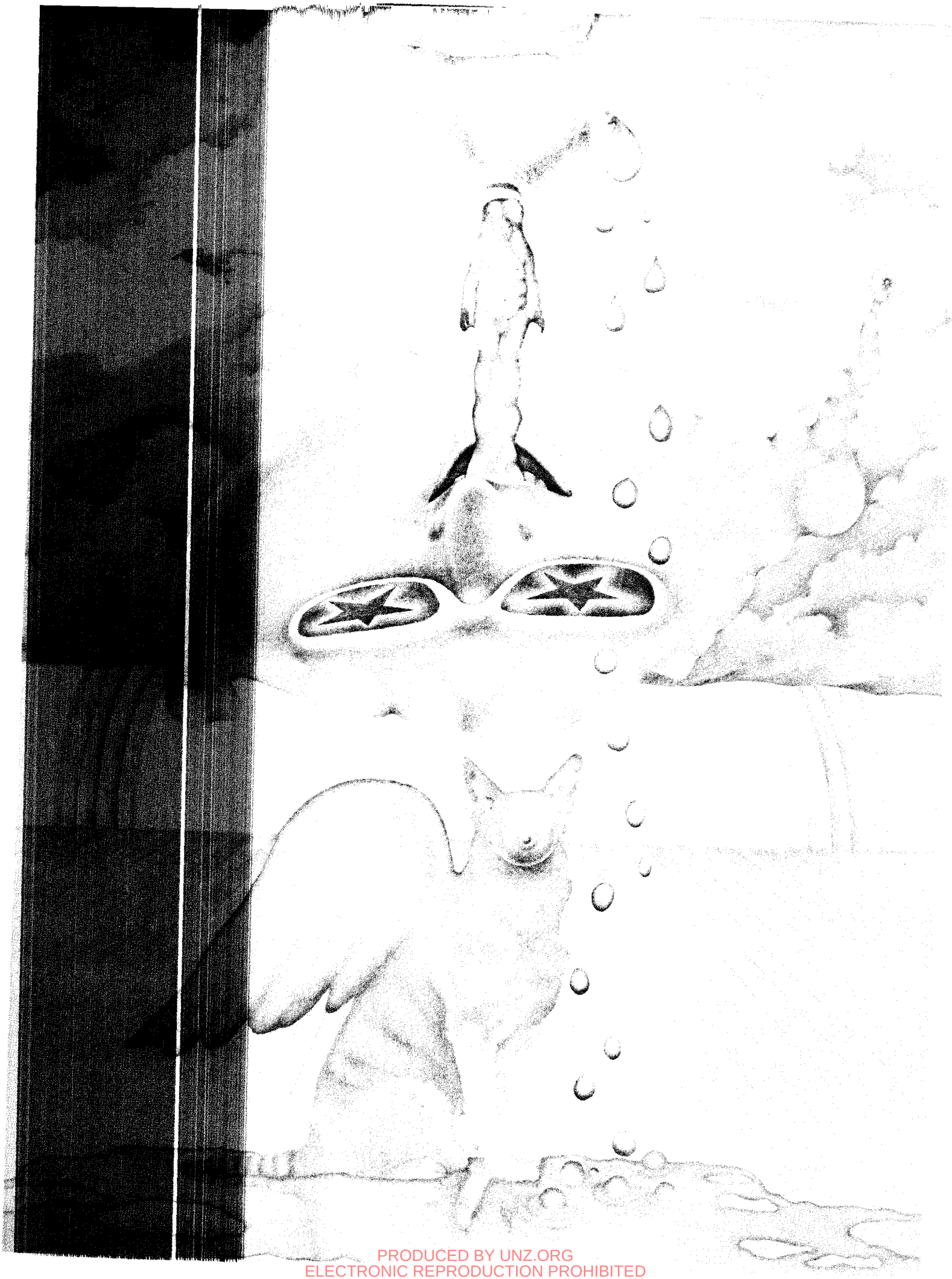

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WHAT I HAV
Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge, and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind. These passions, like great winds, have blown me hither and thither, in a wayward course, over a deep ocean of anguish, reaching to the very verge of despair.
I have sought love, first, because it brings ecstasy—ecstasy so great that I would often have sacrificed all the rest of life for a few hours of this joy. I have sought it, next, because it relieves loneliness—that terrible loneliness in which one shivering consciousness looks over the rim of the world into the cold unfathomable lifeless abyss. I have sought it, finally, because in the union of love I have seen, in a mystic miniature, the prefiguring vision of the heaven that saints and poets have imagined. This is what I sought, and though it might seem too good for human life, this is what—at last—I have found.
IRWIN
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.IVED FOR

With equal passion I have sought knowledge. I have wished to understand the hearts of men. I have wished to know why the stars shine. And I have tried to apprehend the Pythagorean power by which number holds sway above the flux. A little of this, but not much, I have achieved.

Love and knowledge, so far as they were possible, led upward toward the heavens. But always pity brought me back to earth. Echoes of cries of pain reverberate in my heart. Children in famine, victims tortured by oppressors, helpless old people a hated burden to their sons, and the whole world of loneliness, poverty, and pain make a mockery of what human life should be. I long to alleviate the evil, but I cannot, and I too suffer.

This has been my life. I have found it worth living, and would gladly live it again if the chance were offered me.

—Bertrand Russell

Illustration by Don Irwin

Calligraphy by David Goines

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Bertrand Russell: The Final Passion

by David Horowitz

TOWARDS THE END OF his life, Bertrand Russell spent most of his time in Plas Penrhyn, Wales, in an ample but not opulent house set high on a cliff, with a spectacular view of the Glaslyn estuary below. He came down to London rarely, the wearying six-hour trip and the dank urban climate presenting hardships he could risk less and less as time went on. Because of an intestinal kink, and the inadvisability of an operation at his advanced age, he was already living on a wholly liquid diet, which he roguishly supplemented with seven Red Hackle scotches a day.

I met Lord Russell on one of the increasingly rare occasions when he was spending a few months in London in his Chelsea flat. It was on a crisply clear day early in the fall of 1964, and I remember feeling anxiety and agitation as I searched out the number I had been given among a row of indistinguishable and modest red brick houses. A compulsive early arriver, I walked around the block several times after locating his flat in the hopes that others would have arrived by the time I got there, and I could slip in unnoticed. Finally, I knocked weakly on the door.

It was opened by a diminutive, incredibly frail and fragile-looking white-haired old man. A mixture of feelings came up like a blush—awe, humility, admiration, and most of all, a sense of unbridgeable distance. He smiled, amused at my confusion but also so warm and friendly that he had already overcome the worst of it, although I never did manage to conquer that sense of being where I didn't belong, of not being remotely capable of stepping across that awesome gap—a gap created by time, by culture and by forces of history that I could only dimly imagine.

I followed Lord Russell's slow steps down the corridor, past the portraits of his ancestors: Lord John Russell, his grandfather, who as Prime Minister presided over the famous Reform Act of 1832; William Russell, who, as he pointed out later with a puckish twinkle in his eye, had opposed authority and had his head cut off. The short walk was obviously a great burden on him, and it alerted a Bellowesque guilt in me. ("Jesus, Lord Russell, you didn't have to come all the way to the door just for me.")

Later, when I got used to Russell and his routine, I was to realize that these efforts—the arduous trek down that short but seemingly endless hall, the pouring of tea for everyone from what appeared more a cauldron than a teapot in those frail, bony hands—were, for him, part of a fierce struggle against the failing of the life force, against time which had not beaten him over all the generations, although it had beaten down those he had known, loved and fought. ("*I believe*," he had written, "*that when I die I shall rot and nothing of my ego will survive. I am not young and I love life but I should scorn to shiver with terror at the thought of annihilation. Happiness is nonetheless true happiness because it must come to an end. Nor do thought and love lose their values because they are not everlasting.*") On that first day, however, after we got settled and began talking, one thing quickly became clear: the physical decline was deceptive; the mind which peered out through those at once sad and twinkling eyes was keen and resilient.

The gathering which I had come to attend was a meeting of the members of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation to discuss plans for setting up an International War Crimes Tribunal to investigate America's war in Vietnam. The room was filled with people who were under thirty, and more likely under twenty-five—all born after Russell had attained more than twice that age. In the political actions in which he engaged during the last years, it was always thus: we who served him and laid plans with him always looked at him across a full lifetime. A memoir by Ralph Schoenman, his secretary, captures it well: "We are separated by 64 years. His talk is studded with Lenin, Victoria, Poincaré, Mill, Browning, Wilde—people he knew or disputed. . . . 'How close were you to Bakunin, Bertie?' 'Not all that close, but then I wasn't well acquainted with Methuselah either.' "

THE MEETING ITSELF was one of those interminably windy sessions familiar to anyone who has been in on the organizing of anything. It veered off on a dozen tangents, all the time increasing for me the incongruity of the afternoon—the legendary Lord Russell, godson of John Stuart Mill, holding court with these youthful activists and entering their circumambulatory discussions about organizational details and structures of the forthcoming Tribunal. Russell was concerned that the plans should not be too grandiose and appear ridiculous in the outcome. One long digression of the afternoon concerned possible sites for the Tribunal, and elaborate speculation as to whether any government would allow it. Russell was heavily inclined to doubt the will or ability of any officials—Russian, Swiss or Third World—to be hospitable to a project which they wouldn't control and which would undoubtedly get them into hot water with the United States.

This skepticism—which turned out to be simple realism—was a feature of Russell's intellect that was to impress me again and again in the brief period in which I was a director of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation. Russell's incapacity for illusion—that ingrained sense of doubt which was his inheritance from the age of Victoria—was an essential characteristic of his being. In a BBC interview on his 94th birthday,

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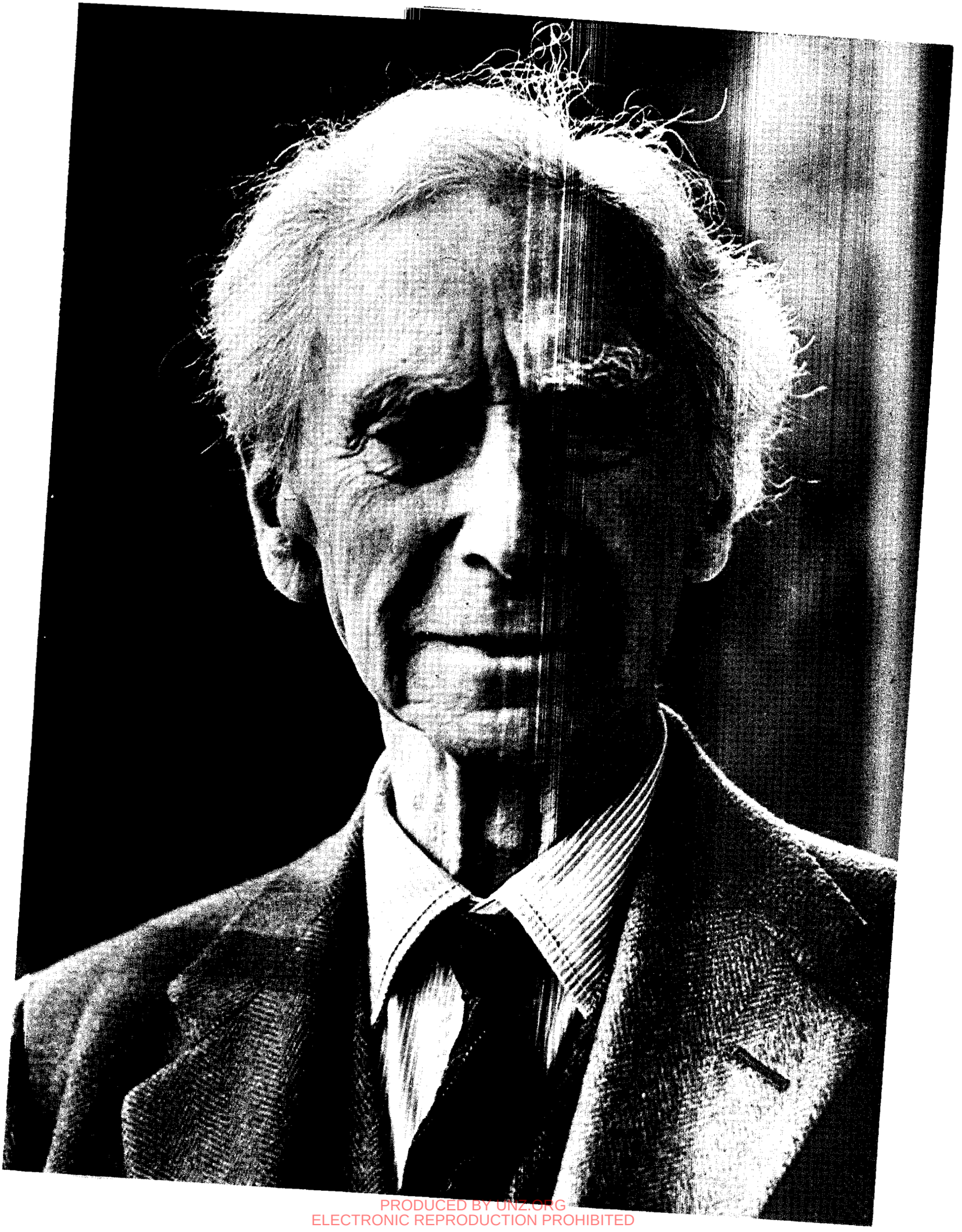

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Russell had been reminded that many of his critics were claiming that the youngsters who had followed him in his nuclear protests were just young and irresponsible, and that when they got to be over thirty, they would become conservative and respectable and abandon him. What did he think? Russell, whose actions had foreshadowed and inspired the upsurge of mass protest in the '60's, replied: "Yes, that's probably true. "Could I, I would ask myself many times after hearing this story, put my life energies into the political struggle if I did not really believe I was helping to shape a future majority, if I was not confident of the ultimate triumph of reason and justice?

There was on the other side of Russell's profound skepticism, however, an equally profound romanticism. Among his books was a whimsical one-sentence work which he had written in his 89th year, called "History of the World in Epitome." It began with a picture of Adam and Eve and ended with a photograph of the atomic bomb. "Since Adam and Eve ate the apple," read the text, "man has never refrained from any folly of which he was capable." He had a passionate love for this same wicked, folly-ridden creature, man. Some called it quixotic but Russell was well aware of the monstrous cruelties his passion encompassed. He was like those favored figures of Shakespeare's imagination, romantic skeptics who, like Hamlet, were disgusted by the animal in man and the vanity in his works, yet recognized him as the noblest of creations. It was in this ability to embrace antitheses that the compelling magnetism of Russell lay. You had in Russell's presence at once awesome tradition, genius and age, and from the very center of all these humbling radiances, a ninety-year-old imp who would puncture the illusion, the pomp and the heroic vision with a deflating barb. As his old friend Leonard Woolf once remarked of Russell, "It is very rare to be a Socrates and a Puck at the same time."

Nothing was more alien to Russell than posturing, and nothing more devastating to pretension than his own searing vision: if there is a lesson in his life, it is that in the last analysis, the truly heroic can arise only on the ground of the relentlessly real.

[II]

"IN HIS YOUTH HE DID work of importance in mathematical logic, but his eccentric attitude toward the First World War revealed a lack of balanced judgment, which increasingly infected his later writings." So Russell wrote of himself in a mock obituary which he composed in 1937. But this whimsy became, in the eyes of editorial writers in the great Western newspapers, reality, and their abuse of the political writings and activities of his last years was unstinting. These culminated in an incredible viciousness directed against the last great effort of his life—the pitting of his intellect and final energies against the American destruction of Vietnam.

From the editorial page of the New York Times, under the headline "Corpse on Horseback," C. L. Sulzberger "informed" readers that Russell had "outlived his own conscious ideas and [become] clay in . . . unscrupulous hands." The tragedy of the War Crimes Tribunal, Sulzberger continued, "cannot fairly be laid at the door of the wasted peer whose bodily endurance outpaced his brain. . . ." This was written in May 1967, a week before Russell's 95th birthday, when the Tribunal was in session, and while Lyndon Johnson was still President of the United States. It was written before the revelations about the massacres at My Lai and elsewhere, and before the great revulsion against the war which broke forth in the massive Moratorium demonstrations. Even now, however, the consensus of obituaries on Russell is that this last gesture (referred to variously as a "mock trial" or the "notorious trial") was something to be ashamed of, a final unfortunate surrender to the naivete, caprice and inconsistency which characterized his involvement in social affairs.

Such a distortion is easily conjured out of the press symbols of Russell's career. To see Russell clearly across the near century of his life, however, is to comprehend the inner consistency of his stance, from his resistance to World War I, through his nuclear protests, to his last defense of Vietnam's revolutionary peasants—this final act, the hardest, the most courageous, the most important gesture of them all.

RUSSELL'S VERY FIRST BOOK was a critical account of German Marxism (with an appendix by his wife Alys on Marxism and the woman question). His first venture into politics saw him stand unsuccessfully as a socialist candidate for Parliament with woman's suffrage as one of his main planks. In *Roads to Freedom* (1918), Russell outlined a program of guild socialism and laid down the two principles of reform in international relations which became the all-consuming cause of the last decade and a half of his life: "First, the avoidance of wars, and, second, the prevention of the oppression of weak nations by strong ones."

It was the *Practice and Theory of Bolshevism* (1920), written on his return from a trip to revolutionary Russia where he met Lenin and Trotsky, that established Russell's reputation as an early anti-communist. What he had written about this crisis in world history, however, was something quite different from what his reputation as a "liberal anti-communist" might suggest. "I believe," Russell declared at the outset, "that Socialism is necessary to the world, and believe that the heroism of Russia has fired men's hopes in a way which was essential to the realization of Socialism in the future. Regarded as a splendid attempt, without which ultimate success would have been very improbable, Bolshevism deserves the gratitude and admiration of all the progressive part of mankind."

It was the method by which the Bolsheviks were attempting to establish Socialism that caused Russell's doubts. What he reacted to most negatively in this "method" was its fanatical intolerance and its welcoming of class war and its hatreds which the counter-revolution had, he conceded, made necessary. With the advent of Stalin came the institutionalization of the worst elements and tendencies in Bolshevism as he had witnessed them in 1920. It was only after Stalin's death, and the subsequent changes in Soviet policy, that Russell's view of Russian Communism became less censorius. In this he was greatly influenced, as were many other socialists, by the writings of the Marxist biographer of Trotsky, Isaac Deutscher, whom he later chose to serve on the War Crimes Tribunal.

Prior to Russell's invitation, Deutscher had not participated in a political action since the 1930's, when he had been expelled from the Polish Communist Party (whose entire Central Committee later perished at Stalin's hands) for "exaggerating the dangers of Nazism" and similar Trotskyist sins. Denounced as a Marxist revolutionary by the right, as a spokes-

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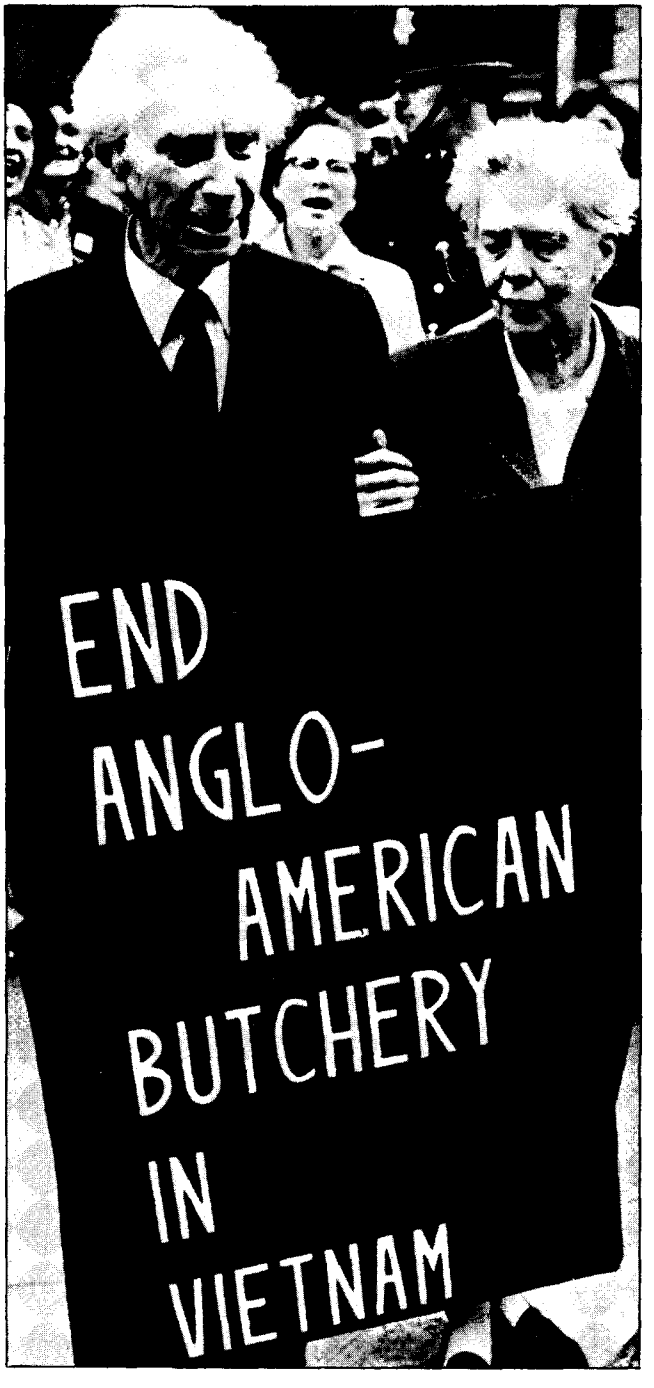
man for Wall Street by the Communists, and as a Stalinist apologist by the Trotskyists, Deutscher had lived the last 30 years of his life in political isolation for his principles, a situation which Russell understood well.

I remember how moved Deutscher was when we brought him the invitation from Russell, and how deep was the respect which this classical European Marxist expressed for the English empiricist's life and work. The Russell-Deutscher relationship subsequently provided one of the most touching and fulfilling moments in the Tribunal proceedings. On November 13, 1966, the Tribunal met for the first time in closed session in London. Russell appeared and read a brief statement asserting the need for such a Tribunal "composed of men eminent, not through their power, but through their intellectual and moral contribution to what we optimistically call 'human civilization'." When he finished, there was a respectful silence as he turned, and with his usual slight annoyance at the hands that went out to help him, began the slow, aching, proud steps that would take him to the door. I understood the silence—again that awesome gap between the figure and his audience, though this was a group considerably closer in age and in distinction than most—but I felt it still and especially inadequate. And then Deutscher rose and addressed him for all the others, for the French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, for the Yugoslav historian Vladimir Dedijer, for the eminent mathematician Laurent Schwarz and the rest. Deutscher, who orally dictated his epic historical works, had the most literary and finely-architected speaking style of anyone I have ever heard, and now his central European accents filled the room as he told Russell what a magnificent and courageous task he had undertaken, what a beacon of hope he was to the young, what a light to the oppressed, and what a debt of gratitude was owed to him. The old man nodded, visibly moved, and then turned again to make his slow way out.



Photograph by Wide World Photos

[III]

EACH OF THE PRINCIPAL Tribunal figures was, like Russell, one of those displaced intellects that had been cast into the twilight zones of politics because of his commitment to the Enlightenment ideals that capitalism and imperialism had made impossible, and that the Stalinist revolutions had betrayed. There was Sartre, the President of the Tribunal, who had traveled from Existentialism to Marxism, but because of his fierce and principled independence had been compelled to live a political career under attack from Communists and liberals alike. And there was Dedijer, the Chairman, a thrice wounded Communist partisan, once one of the four top leaders in Yugoslavia who had been cast into internal exile for defending Milovan Djilas, even though he did not share Djilas' views.

These men, and most of the other Tribunal members, were Marxists, it is true, albeit independent ones. Russell's intellectual distance from Marxism, however, has been exaggerated (on occasion even by himself). Where the basic divergence really lay was in Russell's stress on psychological factors as motive forces in history, and even more profoundly in his skeptical outlook, which was both philosophical and constitutional: "Throughout my life," he wrote in the second volume of his *Autobiography*, "I have longed to feel that oneness with large bodies of human beings that is experienced by the members of enthusiastic crowds. The longing has often been strong enough to lead me into self-deception. I have imagined myself in turn a Liberal, a Socialist, or a Pacifist, but I have never been any of these things, in any profound sense. Always the skeptical intellect, when I have most wished it silent, has whispered doubts to me, has cut me off from the facile enthusiasms of others, and has transported me into a desolate solitude." These lines were written a propos his anti-war activities during the First World War, when he worked with "Quakers, non-resisters and Socialists" as an ally, but not a comrade. He would tell the Quakers that some wars were justified, and the Socialists that he opposed the tyranny of the state, and get suspicious looks from both.

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World War I and its aftermath had deepened Russell's skepticism to the point of despair. "The optimist now," he wrote in 1948, "is the man who thinks it possible to hope that the world will not get worse; to suppose that it may get better in any near future is scarcely possible except through wilful blindness." In the two decades that Russell lived after these words were written, and especially after the development of the hydrogen bomb in 1953, he dedicated his political energies not only to the end that the world should not become a worse place to live, but that it should not cease to be a place to live altogether. In 1954, he concluded a radio broadcast on the hydrogen bomb by saying, "I appeal as a human being to human beings: remember your humanity, and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new paradise; if you cannot, nothing lies before you but universal death." In 1955 he initiated a joint manifesto of scientists from both East and West (a radical departure for the times) warning against the dangers of nuclear annihilation. From that time on he became the intellectual symbol of the struggle against the bomb.

In 1957 he launched the Pugwash conferences of East-West nuclear scientists, which had an important influence on the subsequent development of the nuclear test ban, and in 1958 helped to found the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), which he served as president. In 1960 when the CND and its Aldermaston marches were at the height of their popularity, he resigned as president to lead a campaign of mass civil disobedience under the auspices of a "Committee of 100." Early in 1961, Russell led a sitdown of 5000 people at the Ministry of Defense. Later in the year he addressed a meeting in Hyde Park, which was stopped by the police (the microphones were removed while he was speaking) because a permit was lacking. Russell was arraigned with other members of the Committee and was sent to Brixton prison for seven days. (He had previously spent six months there for his opposition to World War I.) This frail eighty-eight-year-old had replied with a firm "No I won't" when the magistrate offered to exempt him from jail if he pledged himself to good behavior. When the sentence was pronounced, cries of protest went up from the onlookers. This gesture of concern wounded the old man's pride. "It angered me," he said. "I knew that it was well meant, but I had deliberately incurred the punishment and, in any case, I could not see that age had anything to do with guilt. If anything, it made me the more guilty. The Magistrate seemed to me nearer the mark in observing that, from his point of view, I was 'old enough to know better'."

In October 1962, the Cuban missile crisis brought mankind to the brink of the disaster that Russell had fought so long. The crisis over America's former neo-colonial dependency, coupled with the steady escalation of U.S. intervention in Indo-China, brought to a climax a change in Russell's sense of the priorities involved in mankind's survival. In many ways this change represented a return for him to his perspective when he first raised his voice in rebellion during the 1914 War which, he noted wrily on his 90th birthday that year, had been the war to end peace.

Nineteen-fourteen marked for him a dividing line not only between eras, but between worlds. A phrase in a diary note he set down a week before his birthday in 1950 expresses the almost preternatural significance of that date for him. Writing of the marital difficulties of his children he says: "They were born after 1914, and are therefore incapable of happiness."

[IV]

DURING THE YEARS OF his opposition to the First World War and his consequent isolation, there was one figure who stood out above all the rest in Russell's admiration and foreshadowed his own future course. E. D. Morel was a liberal crusader against the atrocities being committed by white Europeans in Africa, particularly the Belgian Congo, and was the founder of the Congo Reform Association. A major theme of Morel's work was that the bestiality, violence and aggression of European imperialism in Africa had come home to roost in the European conflict. For this, he was (in Russell's words) "more than any other opponent of the war . . . attacked by politicians and the press," and was eventually thrown in jail, where "he suffered an injury to his health from which he never recovered," dying in 1922.

Russell himself recognized the economic, as well as the moral and political interaction between imperialism and the World War, and in 1934 finished his book *Freedom and Organization* with the following admonition: "The same causes that produced war in 1914 are still operative, and, unless checked by international control of investment and of raw material, they will inevitably produce the same effect, but on a larger scale. It is not by pacifist sentiment, but by world-wide economic organization, that civilized mankind is to be saved from collective suicide."

For a considerable period, coinciding with the early Cold War, Russell had thought that Stalin's tyranny was taking an expansionist turn, patterned on the Napoleonic episode after the French Revolution. Since the mid-fifties, however, like many others, he had changed his views and recognized the essential conservatism of Stalin's foreign policy. Nuclear weapons had made the ambition of global empire a possibility, but it was the "free world" empire of the United States, with its thousands of overseas bases, and property rights to most of the world's natural resources, that was expanding across continents and oceans, intervening in underdeveloped countries and raising threats to world peace. "As my researches into the origins and circumstances of the war in Vietnam showed, the United States was embarking upon military adventures which increasingly replaced war with Russia as the chief threat to the world. The fanaticism of America's anti-Communism, combined with its constant search for markets and raw materials, made it impossible for any serious neutral to regard America and Russia as equally dangerous to the world." So Russell wrote at the end of volume three of his *Autobiography*, adding that, "For people in the West, this was most difficult to admit, and again I experienced the silence or opposition of those who had come to accept my views of the previous decade."

There is a control in these words, a suppression of personal bitterness and pain wholly characteristic of the man, which gives no hint of the vicious weapons of attack that were wielded against him in his last years, the wounds he suffered, or the anguish of the battle he fought. Even now, one can only guess at their measure. To attend the press conference announcing the War Crimes Tribunal, for example, Russell, now a few months shy of ninety-five, undertook the long trip to London in the dead of winter. Caxton Hall, where the conference was held, has a winding staircase which must have seemed interminable to the old man as he mounted them at snail's pace

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[HIS 95TH BIRTHDAY]

to confront the glaring inquisitorial klieglights and the hatchet faces of the world's press jammed in intimidating, hostile numbers in the inadequate room. For his attempt to lend an aged hand to the Vietnamese, the most distinguished living philosopher in the West was featured in the august New York Times Magazine, which described his entry thus: "A stir, a bustle, a craning of necks; he comes! *He* comes? Say rather, without disrespect, *it* comes. . . . The man who has now become the holiest relic the international left possesses is to be unwrapped and shown to the populace."

IT WAS NOT ONLY the West that dealt blows to Russell at this hour. Because it was independent and because the uncompromising terms of its mandate would make cooperation with the United States more difficult, the Communist countries had disapproved of the Tribunal from the outset. By their silence, the Soviet and East European press assured a minimal awareness of the Tribunal's findings in the white sectors of the world where that awareness was needed most. *

From its inception, the Tribunal had had no real base of support, beyond the agreement of the Vietnamese to cooperate. The money to finance its $200,000 costs came almost entirely from Russell himself, who had only a modest annual income from books. As a young man he had given away his inheritance, and the controversies which arose over his anti-war activities and liberated views on sex made university appointments scarce. Readers of the *Autobiography* know what a struggle it was for him for decades to live on royalties from his books, so that it was a poignant and touching irony that when the advances on the *Autobiography* brought him a small fortune for the second time in his life, he gave it all to the War Crimes Tribunal.

It is difficult to know how deeply the unscrupulous reporting of the prestige press in the West, along with the lack of immediate success of the Tribunal, affected Russell. His 95th birthday took place just after the first Tribunal session. In contrast to his 90th, where an orchestra had played in his honor and he had been toasted by lords, ladies, old distinguished friends and celebrated intellects, this one saw him once again isolated, probably more than he had ever been. The Tribunal had deprived him of being regarded affectionately as a remarkable antique from the Victorian era, to be trotted out for annual celebrations. He had done something that old men aren't supposed to do: he had rebelled against the respectability his age and achievements guaranteed him. As a younger man, he had raised his voice against the bourgeois morality that stifled sex, and now he protested against the morality that sanctified official murder.

THE BATTLE WHICH RUSSELL had chosen to enter in his last years was infinitely bloodier and dirtier than the previous ones he had come through so well. In part this was in the nature of the contest. It was as though a revered prince of the Philistines had taken his stance by the side of David and slung verbal thunderbolts at the giant. To oppose in its own citadel white western civilization, to take up the cause of the niggers of the earth, to lay the finger of blame on the technological Goliath, the "last best hope" of liberal democracy, as it committed mass murder in the rice paddies of Southeast Asia—this was to court devastation. And thus, the media of the Western world entered a loose conspiracy to take revenge against Russell by portraying him as a senescent, bird-like and wrinkled creature who should have done himself the favor of dying when his reputation as a humanist and philosopher was unsullied by such follies as

* A 650-page account of the proceedings of the Tribunal, called *Against the Crime of Silence*, is available for $5.75 from O'Hare Books, 10 Bartley Road, Flanders, New Jersey 07836.

(*Continued on page 49*)

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CARNIVAL IN PATRAS, GREECE

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Inquisition Greek Style

On April 21, 1967, a group of military officers carried out a successful coup d'état in Greece, the first of its kind in Europe since the Second World War. The elections that had been scheduled for May of that year were replaced by mass arrests, purges, martial law, censorship—all the familiar features of a military dictatorship. The new regime justified such measures by equally familiar declarations that it was saving the nation from a "communist take-over." Of all the practices of the regime which violate human rights, none has aroused more international concern than has the use of torture.

Because the regime cannot count on popular support, there is a definite logic in its use of torture. Torture is employed by those who have seized power to keep power. The immediate reason for its use today in Greece is to gain information about actual or potential resistance and to deter resistance in general.

In 1947, during the Greek Civil War, the British abruptly announced to Washington that they were pulling out of Greece. President Truman, in what was to prove a momentous decision, decided to replace England as Greece's primary source of economic and military aid. Speaking to a special joint session of Congress, Truman formulated this policy into what became known as the "Truman Doctrine": "I believe," he stated, "that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." Twenty years later the Greeks, a free people, are subjugated by a minority armed by the United States, and the outside pressures are American.

If American support is obvious to the Greeks, it is vital to the torturers. The torturers themselves not only use American equipment in their military and police work, but they rely on the fact that the U.S. supports them. Hundreds of prisoners have listened to the little speech given by Inspector Basil Lambrou, who sits behind a desk on which is displayed the red, white and blue clasped-hand symbol of American aid. He tries to convince the prisoners of the absolute futility of resistance: "You make yourself ridiculous by thinking you can do anything. The world is divided in two. There are the communists on that side and on this side the free world. The Russians and the Americans, no one else. What are we? Americans. Behind me there is the government, behind the government is NATO, behind NATO is the U.S. You can't fight us, we are Americans."

"KITTI" ARSENI WAS BORN ON the island of Cephalonia in 1936. She had a happy childhood in a close-knit family, enjoying the free and untroubled life of the relatively well-to-do on a poor but beautiful island. When she was thirteen, her father, a bank manager, moved the family to Athens. He died very shortly after that, and her mother, two brothers and Kitti were suddenly without means of support. It was a struggle; the four of them lived in two rooms. Kitti graduated at seventeen from a strict girls' school in Athens with her mind made up to become an actress. But for three years she had to work at various jobs to help support the family.

When she was twenty she entered the best drama school in Athens, the Theater Art School, run by the leading personality of the Athenian theater, Koun. Though she continued to work mornings and went to classes in the afternoon, these were wonderful stagestruck years of absolute absorption in the theater. She was offered a job by Koun when she finished her studies, but chose to start a repertory theater with some of her classmates. They traveled around Greece playing to good reviews and empty houses. After a year they gave up their experiment.

She took parts as they came along, but she was restless and dissatisfied with the superficial plays that were standard fare. Acting was more than having your picture in the newspapers. In 1964 she worked in a kibbutz in Israel, and in 1965 she toured around Western Europe and realized more than ever how much there was to do in Greece. The '60's were a time of great ferment and change in Greece, not only in politics but also in all the arts. With the murder of Lambrakis by the Right in 1963 and the King's "coup" in 1965, more and more theater people took active political positions. Kitti's generation, in questioning the established theater, was also led to question the role of theater in society and to question the society itself. Kitti became more active politically, but joined no party. The *Asphalia* was furious that they could find no file on her when they arrested her.

Before the coup she was planning with friends to open a theater in a suburb of Athens where they could have real contact with the audience and perform *engagé* plays. The night of the coup she was playing in Salonika. When she got

by James Becket

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the news she rushed back to Athens. "I had the feeling that suddenly I was in the middle of a battle. There was a war so now we have to fight." The daily life of the theater was no longer important; what was important was to be "free." The question of whether or not to get involved never entered her mind, and soon she was engaged in trying to organize resistance and distribute tracts. They were inexperienced and too enthusiastic, perhaps, for clandestine work, but that summer there was a great sense of solidarity among all kinds of people who were working together for a common cause. The following affidavit was written in English.

* * *

I WAS ARRESTED ON August 23, 1967. Three plainclothesmen belonging to the Athens Security Police entered my house at two o'clock at night. The first one to enter introduced himself: "I am Lambrou." I later learned that the names of the other two were Mallios and Babalis. Lambrou, Mallios and Babalis were to become my regular interrogators. Under the surveillance of Lambrou I was restricted to one room of my house while the other two embarked upon a detailed search of the house (they turned drawers upside down, opened trunks, etc.). My mother suffers from a heart condition; while the search was on, she suffered a light heart attack.

When the search was over, Mallios and Babalis came to the room where I was isolated. They had found three mimeographed leaflets printed by an underground resistance group, the Patriotic Front, several books "forbidden" by the junta, and some records with music written by Theodorakis. All three started interrogating me and questioned me about the leaflets and about a tape containing a message by Theodorakis which, according to their information, was passed on to me for delivery abroad. They wanted the names of my collaborators, and the tape. While questioning me, they pulled my hair and Babalis drew his revolver and threatened to kill me. Since I was terribly worried about my mother's condition, and since I was told that I was under arrest anyway, I asked them to leave the house. They broke the records by Theodorakis, took away any book which appeared to them to be "leftish" and then asked me to take a blanket with me and we left the house.

At the entrance to the building the driver of the car was waiting. He brought the car from the street corner to the entrance. In the back seat I sat between Mallios and Babalis while Lambrou sat in the front. The car moved. Because I refused to answer their questions, Lambrou ordered the driver to drive to "Damaria" (a deserted quarry in Athens). The car turned on Galatsiou Street which leads to "Tourkovounia." They started beating me hard on the head—I believe with the edge of their palms. They threatened that in "Damaria" they would strip me and execute me unless I spoke. The car stopped at a relatively deserted area and they began twisting my wrists and fingers and threatening to break bones. The pain was excruciating. Seeing a light in the distance, I screamed as hard as I could. Then the car moved ahead again and we reached a totally deserted area. They made me lie on the back seat and left the two rear doors open. Mallios lay over me, holding me firmly, and shut my mouth with his hand. I saw the driver holding two long truncheons made of either rubber or twisted and pliable wood. Somebody took off my shoes and I believe the driver started hitting hard on the soles of my feet (*falanga*). The pain on the soles of my feet was very intense. After a while they stopped and made me walk barefooted on the stones and thorns, beating me on all parts of my body and head as I walked. I was bleeding from my mouth and my nose. Finally they stopped. Babalis took out his gun and placed it against my temple; he threatened to execute me if I didn't give them the information they wanted. At that moment my psychological situation was such that death seemed a salvation and I did not react at all. This infuriated them more, and they began to beat me again and to curse at me. I don't know how much time passed as I was groggy when Lambrou ordered them to stop and to take me to the Security Police Headquarters and to pass me through the "machine of truth." (As I later learned, there is a machine in the Security Police and in Military Hospital 401: "*Electric Shock*.")

In the Security Police on Bouboulinas Street I was booked and handed over to the regular duty officer. The office clock showed that it was 5:30 A.M. He took me down to the basement, to the "inner isolation block," cell number 18.

The cells in the isolation block measure approximately 1.50 meters by 1.80 meters. The floor was broken, uneven cement, completely bare, without furnishings, bed, chair, etc., full of "punaise" and very dirty. The waste from the WC outside, which often overflowed, filled the cell. There is almost no air or light. I lay down on the dirty, damp cement with only my thin summer dress separating my body from the floor. For the first days I had food which my mother had brought. (The detainees who had no relatives had to buy the evening and afternoon meal from the security police canteen for 25 drachmas a day. If they had neither relatives nor money, they went hungry.) They often called me for many hours of exhausting interrogations, especially in the evening and after midnight. My main interrogators were Lambrou, Babalis and Mallios, although there were also others who changed often because of their own fatigue. (Some of the others are Yannicopoulos, Kolonias and Yanakakos.) The pressure and the tactics used are varied: blackmail, threats of reprisals to my family, fear of my future and my life, bribery, offers of money and promises of better treatment.

The fifth day after my arrest, Lambrou ordered "strict isolation." This means that the detainee does not go out of his cell *even to use the WC*. He is obliged to urinate and defecate in his cell. *He is given neither food nor water*. I remained thus for four days. I was only taken out for interrogation during this time. I lost a great deal of weight, was continuously dizzy, and my head still hurt from the previous beatings. After four days of the "strict isolation" I returned to "regular isolation." I then had a blanket and my family brought food every day. Forbidden items were: soap, toothpaste, towels, comb and brush, etc. Conversation too is forbidden. The guard would hit you if he heard you talking, singing or whistling. Visiting relatives and lawyers, any kind of message or letter, and medicine are also forbidden.

ON THE 11TH DAY they moved me to cell number 12 where I was put together with another woman, hysterical and ill—also a political detainee. We couldn't lie down, we sat only with our knees up; the lack of air was choking us, making us delirious and senseless. Instead of falling asleep we would fall into a coma. I stayed in cell number 12 under these conditions for nine days. On

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the 20th day they moved me to cell number 14. On the same evening they again took me for interrogation and handed me over to an interrogator named Spanos, completely dry of emotion, cold-blooded, faceless, expressionless, with his three assistants. (Of the three others, I remember one young blond with bulging muscles in his arms, another very short and thin man; of the third, I remember nothing.) They led me to the "taratsa." This is a room on the terrace like an old washing shed. It has two or three showers on the left side as you enter. Near these showers there must be a machine which makes the noise resembling the motor of a motorcycle to cover the screaming. This room is about 2.50 by 3.50 meters with one thick bench in the middle with rope and to the right of the bench a large cauldron which they also hit with iron to make a loud gong to cover the screams. This description may be a little confused because of my psychological state and secondly because it was almost completely dark. I yelled to them that I wanted to see, but Spanos, the "commander-in-chief," wanted to work on me according to his own system of psychological pressures and stopped one of his men who had moved to turn on the light. They left only the door open and there was some natural light. They laid me down on the bench and tied me tightly from my feet to my shoulders. One of them began to beat me in the *falanga* style. They ripped my clothing off, exposing my shoulder, stepped on my stomach, held my throat tightly as if to strangle me, and lit matches near my eyes. Spanos gave instructions to the torturers, ordering them when to continue and when to stop. He continuously asked me for names; he pulled my hair and beat my head against the bench. The cauldron was gonged to cover my screams after the motorcycle machine was already on. When I shouted a great deal, they stuffed my mouth with a rag to cover the screaming still more and to cause a feeling of suffocation. In the meantime the *falanga* continued.

Since I had the past experience of being beaten at "Damaria" on the night of my arrest, I would like to say this: although the pain was almost unbearable, the basic feeling was not pain but fear. I had the impression that I was surrounded by insane and twisted men who on the one hand knew how to carry out their work scientifically (where and how much to beat, how to frighten a person who has been placed in their hands, how to paralyze the physical resistance the body may be able to muster, without leaving any marks), and on the other hand regarded their "working hours" as ones of pleasure and sexual gratification. They threatened me with death, saying that they would throw me from the terrace to the street, through a hole to the basement. But even this is something which you almost wish would happen. I don't know how many hours had passed. I was half-conscious when they untied me. I could not walk. They carried me to an office on the fourth floor and they tried to revive me. They gave me water and looked at my feet to see if anything was broken. Someone checked my pulse, perhaps Dr. Kyoupis. I was suffering from nervous shock, unable to speak and continuously shaking. I came to after a long time. Then they came (the interrogators Lambrou, Mallios, Babalis.) They began to interrogate me again for some hours. They threatened me with the machine again, saying, "You will see what will happen to you; this was nothing. Don't think that we are finished." Finally they ordered me to go down to my cell and told me in an official tone that they would achieve their purpose by using any means necessary, refusing all responsibility for my fate.

They did not bring me to the "taratsa" again. Perhaps even they had the same fear of my condition. I couldn't stand on my feet. I was very weak and I couldn't sleep at all, waiting for the hour when they would call me again. I fell into a coma The interrogations and the blackmail continued for days. Psychological pressure became even greater. They frightened me with innumerable reprisals against my family which I well knew they could carry out. They gathered evidence against me and succeeded in extracting information about my activities with force and inhuman means and drew up my accusation putting me, as they did all the others, under law 509/1947. Even though there was a formal announcement common to this accusation, and my file was closed on the 30th day after my arrest, I nevertheless spent eight additional days in solitary confinement. During this period they called me for interrogation many times just to see if they could force more information out of me to help their case.

ONE DAY THEY SUDDENLY brought my brother to me. He was without belt and without a cap, which means that a soldier is in prison. He was between two army officers. They threatened my brother and me at the same time. They told my brother that he had responsibility for me because we lived in the same house. Lambrou told me that because of me my brother had suffered many things. My duty was to save my brother. They said to him: "If you are an honest soldier, you have to interrogate her." They wanted my brother to hit me.

On the 39th day, they took me from solitary confinement to the fourth floor to a room-type cell with seven other girls. I had a mouth infection, swollen gums; I wasn't able to chew; my teeth hurt because of this infection and I suffered from very bad headaches. Before my arrest I had had an operation on my ear and thus my hearing was impaired because of my treatment in Security Police Headquarters. I don't think it necessary to explain my psychological condition.

Even though the isolation cells were completely sealed, and the little window could be opened only by the guard, I still knew approximately what was going on and who else was suffering simultaneously during my 38 days in solitary. Some hole in the broken floor of the cell, a careless action of the guard when he opened the door for me to go to the WC or for interrogation, helped me to conclude that I had a relatively light treatment in detention. I saw men walking on their elbows and knees, crawling on their stomachs, perhaps with broken ribs, damaged spines, feet completely split open and broken, heads and faces maimed, misshapen. The majority of men were not able to walk. The treatment of the men is more severe than that of the women. The beatings on the head and on the stomach provoke serious circumstances, with hemorrhages from the chest and stomach. Once the situation of a detainee was so serious that they had to rush him out of his isolation, probably taking him to 401 military hospital. I also know many cases in which even though they were taken to 401 in a critical and dangerous condition, once there they were given electric shock.

In some cases where it was *necessary* to extract a "confession" or information by force, the torturers were extremely hard and the presence of Dr. Kyoupis was necessary. He takes the pulse and tells if it is possible or not to continue the beating. I

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know of a case of torture where the man being tortured asked for water and was given chlorine. In ESA (Military Police) the detainees were left hanging by their shoulders, hands behind their backs, for hours. They hold out the tongue with pliers and burn the body with matches and cigarettes.

The electric shock takes place in the Security Police and in hospital 401 where detainees are taken after already having been beaten. There, when the detainees show their wounds, "doctors" tell them that they are "insane" and that electric shock must be applied. There are cases of detainees who, after arriving in a state of coma at 401, undergo electric shock continuously for one week. The following week it was no longer necessary to touch the wires to the body because the body was so conditioned that the mere suggestion of electric shock would produce the spasm. This was done surrounded by laughing "doctors."

Women have suffered sexual tortures, especially the young students. This kind of torture is applied by a special student section ("spouthastiko") of the security police headed by Karapanayiotis and Gravaritis. A woman pregnant three months miscarried in solitary after having been beaten. She was taken for two days to Alexandra hospital and afterwards was again put in solitary, where she remained for 40 days. The men were often tortured by twisting and beating of the genital organs, which provokes serious complications.

WHEN I WAS IN SOLITARY, a man went crazy; the detainee in cell number 16 woke early one morning at four A.M. and started beating his head against the wall, screaming for help and pleading with them to stop beating him and not to execute him. Two guards took him down, handcuffed him and tied him up inside his cell. Thus he remained for about four days. He often suffered hallucinations, thinking that they were beating his mother and raping his sister in front of him, executing his brother in the army. I don't know if they gave him a sedative or offered him any medical attention. I do know that each time he began to shout, the guards would let him shout for a while and let him cause self-inflicted wounds for some time, and finally they would begin to hit him themselves. This case provoked panic in the other cells continuously. The guards' watch became stronger. They began beating everyone, especially the detainees in the corridor. (Because of the number of arrests which were continuous throughout this period, the cells were overcrowded. There was a problem of space.) The corridors were narrow, no more than half a meter wide. Many detainees stayed in the corridors filled with the dirt and water from the WC without moving throughout the day and night. In the most overcrowded times, they remained seated and it was forbidden to turn to the right or left to the other detainees. In front of me, a guard named Panayiotis, about two meters tall, beat a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old boy so much that it made him hemorrhage from the mouth. The atmosphere is so nightmarish everywhere—in solitary, in the big common cells (the "Pigada"), in the interrogation offices, on the fourth floor—that attempted suicides were numerous.

Anything that I have said about other people, those other than myself, *is absolutely true, but I refuse to give any names, knowing that these men are still in danger, wherever they are, in prison, in exile or in their homes.*

I was a detainee on the fourth floor for 21 days waiting for the papers to transfer me to the prison. Life there was rather normal. There is light, you know if it is day or night; there is bedding, water for washing, paper and pencil, books (subject to censorship), ten-minute visits of relatives twice a week, but no lawyer was permitted. There I underwent another type of torture. The room-type cell which faced an interior courtyard was exactly across from the "taratza." During all the days and nights, more often the nights, we heard the noise of the motorcycle machine, the noise of the cauldron, cries and screams of those being tortured. I still retain the awful memory of this torture. To answer those who feel that it is impossible for torture to exist at the security police on Bouboulinas Street and especially on the "taratza" where the other houses are so close, I assure them, *it does exist and they can hear it.* There are days during the visiting hours when we can hear the screaming and we try and hide it from our relatives so they don't become crazy with worry. The sounds during the night are like nightmares. We often had hysterical crises, even among the girls with the strongest nerves.

After 62 days of being kept in the security police, I was taken to the women's prison in Averoff. I was tried in the Patriotic Front trial of 31 from the 15th to the 21st of November 1967, under law 509/1947 and with a special personal accusation: distribution of illegal printed material and sending a tape abroad with a message by Mikis Theodorakis. I was sentenced to three years in prison and the sentence was suspended.

During my stay in the security police, in prison, and in meetings after my release with people who had been through the places of torture—Security Police, ESA, 401 Military Hospital, the military camp of Dionysos, Security Police of Thessalonika and the security police of other towns in Greece —I am able to know, and to accuse for the benefit of those organizations which fight for basic human rights and for the benefit of the general public, that *in the military regime now ruling Greece, tortures take place officially sanctioned and scientifically organized for the purposes of extracting information and doing away with any physical or moral resistance on the part of the individual and to destroy his individual personality.*

* * *

At the Patriotic Front trial in November, Kitti received a three-year suspended sentence. She went home to her mother, who had been desperately upset. The *Asphalia* had failed to break her, failed to get any information, but Kitti was a physical and nervous wreck. Whenever she did manage to go to sleep, she woke up terrorized by her nightmares of broken images of the *Asphalia.* In the spring of 1968 she succeeded in leaving Greece "illegally." As her brother was still in the army, she was unable to speak. He was discharged in October and managed to leave the country. Kitti Arseni was the first torture victim to speak before the European Human Rights Commission in Strasbourg at the end of November 1968. Her testimony had great impact.

Today she is an exile. She lives in the splintered left milieu of the Paris Greeks. Now she sleeps better. But in her quick gestures and in her eyes there is still the experience of Bouboulinas Street.

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Bertrand Russell: The Final Passion

(*Continued from page 43*)

intruding in global politics on the side of the weak and oppressed.

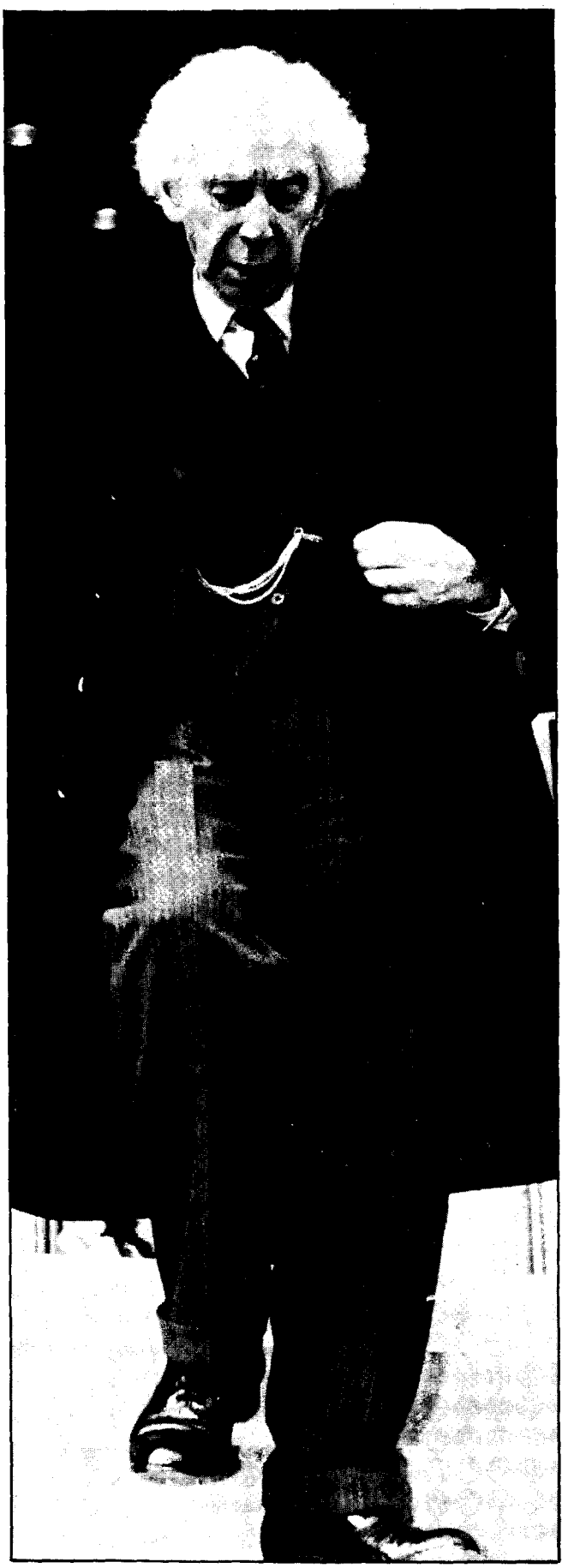
But there was another more personal cross which Russell had to bear into the conflict. In his last triumphant battle as the head and inspirer of the Committee of 100, he had stood forth as advocate and antagonist and led his troops in his own person into the fray. Between then and the Tribunal the body had begun to give up. No longer could he speak extemporaneously before the public: the eyes had weakened, and read only with immense effort under the television lights; the voice was thinner and seemed at times ready to disappear forever; the dignified stride had collapsed into an unseemly shuffle; and the face often became slack, giving a false impression of vacuity that the incomparably quick mind still burning inside must have found especially painful to bear.

History has already vindicated the public acts of Lord Russell's last years: the historical record will show that the War Crimes Tribunal—the climax of what began as a lonely crusade—correctly characterized and identified a war of atrocity, a war conducted to maintain imperial dominance in Southeast Asia, a war representing the archetypal conflict of the age and the chief threat to mankind's future survival. But history will not show the inner struggle of the man who initiated this Tribunal. It will not record the triumph of an heroic will that could not hear the cry of suffering without attempting to answer, or the passionate concern for human survival that moved an old man to put himself in an international pillory before the greatest power in the world as the defender of a peasant people and its struggle to be free.

For most, Lord Russell will be remembered as the great mathematician and philosopher, the man whose life encompassed the transition from Victorianism to the modern world, the friend of men as various as Alfred North Whitehead and D. H. Lawrence. But for me, the image was formed on that first day in Chelsea: the arduous shuffle, the pixy smile, the brittle bowed movements, the kind, wise face which hid the anguish of its own struggle.

To have known him is always to be humbled by the courage, the immense guts of the old man, and the sustaining calm of the inner vision: "An individual human existence should be like a river," he had written, "—small at first, narrowly confined within its banks, and rushing passionately past boulders and over waterfalls. Gradually the river grows wider, the banks recede, the waters flow more quietly, and in the end, without any visible break, they become merged in the sea, and painlessly lose their individual being. The man who, in old age, can see his life in this way, will not suffer from the fear of death, since the things he cares for will continue. . . . I should wish to die while still at work, knowing that others will carry on what I can no longer do, and content in the thought that what was possible has been done."

David Horowitz was a director of the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation from 1964 to 1967. He is the author of Empire and Revolution (*Random House, 1969*).



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Back-of-the-Book

The New Empire: A Star-Spangled Bummer

INTERVENTION AND REVOLUTION. *By Richard Barnet. New American Library, 1968. $6.95. Meridian, 1969. $2.95.*

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. *By Gabriel Kolko. Beacon, 1969. $5.95.*

THE AGE OF IMPERIALISM. *By Harry Magdoff. Monthly Review, 1969. $1.95.*

VIETNAM, LIKE THE battle of the Alamo, is history. Scholars are already hard at work probing its warm entrails for lessons; books and conferences warn against future Vietnams. "Remember the Bay of Tonkin" rallies the troops for Fulbright's guerrilla raids on presidential power, while the future diplomatist somewhere on the edge of a university sit-in wonders, "What can we learn from this disaster?"

Every expert has his answer. For some, Vietnam was simply the wrong war in the wrong place. For others, it was Lyndon Johnson's arrogance of power. Liberal sophisticates, like Atlantic Editor Irving Kristol, even admit to a new imperialism. But, like the Cold War Liberals who earlier defended the nuclear arms race, the new Crackpot Realists fully accept the notion of "global responsibility," of "the inevitable burden of a great power." The experts, as Richard Barnet laments, seem to have learned from Vietnam only that we never should have fought in Vietnam.

Amateurs at foreign policy—those who people the Moratorium and block campus doorways to Dow recruiters—know better. Lacking "sophistication," they never learned to escape the similarities in Washington's responses to the Dominican Republic, Cuba and Vietnam. Looking back to the first post-war intervention in Greece, they see that Washington has continually sent military or paramilitary forces into other countries, either to fight popularly backed guerrilla movements or to overthrow recalcitrant governments. According to Barnet's count, the U.S. managed to bat out these interventions on the average of one every 18 months. AID missionaries, university scholars and CIA agents put the intervention on a daily basis. National Guardsmen in urban ghettos and on college campuses have brought the pattern home.

Recognizing that a pattern exists, however, doesn't tell us its cause. If Vietnam is not an isolated mistake, what does lead the United States to intervene and how can we put an end to this pattern of aggression?

Two distinct camps within the anti-war movement have produced two very different answers. One camp, well represented in the liberal analysis of Richard Barnet, blames America's two, three, many Vietnams on Cold War anti-communism and the drive for power within government bureaucracies—military and civilian. The second, more radical camp, whose intellectual spokesmen include Gabriel Kolko and Harry Magdoff, hits out at either the political dominance of big business or at the inevitable thrust of America's big business economy. To date, the liberal attack on "the bureaucracy," aided by Wall Street's well-publicized peace rallies, has proved the more persuasive. But if people take time to compare the arguments of these three books, the radicals are likely to win some new adherents.

A FORMER STATE DEPARTMENT official and now co-director of Washington's loyal oppositionist Institute for Policy Studies, Richard Barnet lays America's interventionist policy at the feet of the National Security Managers—those officials in the State Department, Pentagon, CIA and the White House who manage U.S. foreign relations. Looking at over-all foreign policy rather than simply military strategy, Barnet differs with run-of-the-mill Pentagon-baiters. But like them, he sees the cause of intervention in "the bureaucratic compulsion to control as much of the world as possible." He contends that the (chiefly civilian) national security bureaucrats intervene because they view Third World revolution as part of the Cold War with China and Russia.

Barnet challenges their Cold War myopia in terms that were already gaining popularity in the early part of the Kennedy Administration. By now his critique is something of a conventional wisdom, sustained by Russian passivism in the Third World, the possibilities of a new "open door" in Eastern Europe, and the recent wave of anti-militarism at home. According to this view, revolution in the less developed countries is neither an export of "International Communism" nor a threat to our national security. "Beyond the reach of the Red Army," says Barnet, "the Soviets soon abandoned the idea of exporting revolution. Indeed, a principal function of the Comintern was to cool revolutionary zeal where such activity would embarrass the Soviet government in its relations with other states."

Contrary to what Chairman Mao writes, Stalin steered the Chinese Communists into an early alliance with Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang and, consequently, into the Shanghai Massacre of 1927. The Great Russian Leader pushed similar "revisionist" policies in Turkey, Iran, Indonesia, Spain and Greece. Those revolutionary movements that did take root, Barnet concludes, grew less out of this barren internationalism than out of the oppressive conditions of the countries in question.

Barnet's concern is that our National Security Managers, blinded by their Cold War anti-communism, are actually encouraging the oppressive conditions that feed revolution—especially when their strategy calls for intervention. But Barnet only shows why the National Security Managers should not intervene. He never explains why they do, except by pointing to their mistaken view of the world. Rather than a series of unrelated mistakes, then, America's

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interventions are, for Barnet, a single bureaucratic error, easily enough replaced by a pro-revolutionary perspective and new institutions truly dedicated to independent modernization in the Third World.

Barnet rejects out of hand any explanation based on what he terms the "more familiar and more sinister motives" of economic imperialism. "To argue, as Lenin did, that the interventionist drive of the nation-state is attributable primarily to the basic needs of capitalism to export capital and to gain access to markets and raw materials," he declares, "is to ignore remarkably similar patterns of behavior in non-capitalist states. The drive to project power and influence, the will to dominate, and the frenetic search for security are characteristic of the large industrialized state, whatever its economic system. Even where the efforts to dominate appear to run counter to rational economic interests, the will to dominate persists."

On the face of it, Barnet's commonsense rejection seems the final word. His argument, however, is a non-sequitur. Lenin's theory might indeed fail to account for the imperialism of non-capitalist social systems, but multi-national corporations still expand differently (and more dynamically) than does the Red Army. Multilateral economic integration, the thrust of U.S. foreign economic policy, affects small nations differently (and more thoroughly) than does Russia's generally bilateral trade. A capitalist elite dominates differently (and more subtly) than does a "communist" bureaucracy. Theories which overlook or abstract these differences explain everything and therefore nothing.

DESPITE BARNET'S generalizations, his case studies (the most valuable part of the book) actually point to business, rather than bureaucracy, as the chief source of American intervention. He tells the story of the Truman Doctrine and the decision to support the repressive Tsaldaris government in Greece in a way that makes anti-communism and the Soviet threat seem less a motivation for policy than a propaganda ploy "to scare hell out of the American people." In fact, the information he presents undermines his own emphasis on bureaucracy, making a stronger case for the influence of two motives which he dismisses: petroleum diplomacy aimed at securing access to the vital Middle Eastern oil; and the belief, expressed in Clark Clifford's rejected draft for the Truman Doctrine speech, "that the disappearance of free enterprise in other nations would threaten our economy and our democracy." What emerges most convincingly from Barnet's discussion of "the pattern for subsequent intervention in internal wars" is a most unbureaucratic motive—namely, the desire to fill the vacuum, both political and economic, left by the decline of British power and the British imperialism of free trade.

Barnet's telling of the CIA coup against Iran's Mossadegh (1952), Eisenhower's landing of Marines in Lebanon (1958), and the Dominican intervention (1965) also points as much to business as to bureaucracy.

Barnet, of course, carries his hypothesis into a discussion of American intervention in Vietnam, where he focuses on the "bureaucratic momentum" of misapplied anti-communism, particularly among our liberal nation-builders. Policymakers first took Vietnam seriously, he says, when they recognized it as a possible rampart for containing the Chinese revolution; their attention was increased with the outbreak of the Korean War. But here, as in other of his case studies, Barnet fails to bring up sufficient information on the business and financial connections and ideology of his National Security Managers to permit readers to challenge his interpretations adequately.

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GABRIEL KOLKO, the best of the young revisionist historians, takes Barnet's view of bureaucracy head on. Bureaucratic structures, he insists, do not contain their own neutral, independent rationale. Barnet's National Security Managers are actually "a highly mobile sector of the American corporate structure," men from firms "large enough to afford them the time to straighten out or formulate government policy while maintaining their vital ties with giant corporate law, banking or industry." Policymakers from less exalted strata—including the generals, whose independence Kolko denies—look to these same firms for future employment, trimming their sails to winds blowing in that direction. No matter how disinterested these bureaucrats may seem, Kolko argues, "They come from specific class and business backgrounds and do not act apart from the class nature of the institutions in which they serve."

Kolko uses social origins only to illustrate "the larger power context." While Defense Secretary James Forrestal came from the investment firm of Dillon, Read, and John Foster Dulles and Dean Acheson from top Wall Street law firms, "there is no proof such connections are decisive." Woodrow Wilson and Secretary of State Cordell Hull (1933-44), the authors of America's tariff-cutting foreign economic policy, had been, respectively, a college professor and a small-town politician. But whatever their origins, should government officials "make decisions disfunctional to the more permanent interests of dominant power interests," Kolko argues, "even more powerful leaders would purge them from decision-making roles."

The real problem, then, is to flesh out "the more permanent interests of the dominant power interests." Generalizing from two of his earlier books—*The Triumph of Conservatism* and *Wealth and Power in America*—Kolko argues that business is not "just another interest group in American life," but "the keystone of power." He places particular emphasis on the primacy of the business elite over the military: "Not a mythical military-industrial complex but civilian-defined goals are the source of American foreign and military policy—and the American malaise."

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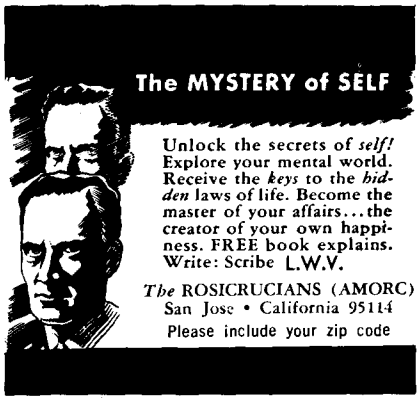
The history he presents, however, is sketchy, and he too often substitutes argumentativeness for argument, weakening what could be an extremely important chapter.

Kolko builds from this analysis to a long discussion of American intervention in Vietnam, which, he insists, is *not* an intrusion in a civil war but rather "an effort to preserve a mode of traditional colonialism via a minute, historically opportunistic *comprador* class in Saigon." While agreeing with Barnet that our Vietnam policy was developed chiefly out of a desire to contain China, Kolko stresses earlier (1945) U.S. support for the French return to Indo-China, first as a *logical* means for stopping the triumph of the Left in the Far East, and then in order to bolster the French position in Europe. He accepts the domino theory as essentially accurate, giving far greater credence than does Barnet to the interest with which Eisenhower, Nixon and Dulles regarded Southeast Asia's tin, tungsten and rice.

HARRY MAGDOFF, an economist and devotee of Lenin, goes beyond even Kolko's class analysis. Taking as given the dominance of the businessmen, he concentrates his attack on the workings of their international economy, their economic and financial networks, and the trade and aid policies of their governments. What he sees he calls imperialism. But this imperialism is not, for Magdoff, merely a policy or set of policies which could be abandoned by enlightened administrators. In a capitalist society, it is "a way of life." Interventions do not stem from mistaken perceptions; rather they are, in Kolko's phrase, "a rational charge" for the continued freedom of America's men at the top to keep as much of the world open for trade and investment by their multi-national corporations as possible.

"What matters to the business community, and to the business system as a whole," emphasizes Magdoff, *"is that the option of foreign investment (and foreign trade) should remain available.* For this to be meaningful, the business system requires, as a minimum, that the political and economic principles of capitalism should prevail and that the door be fully open for foreign capital at all times. Even more, it seeks a privileged open door for the capital of the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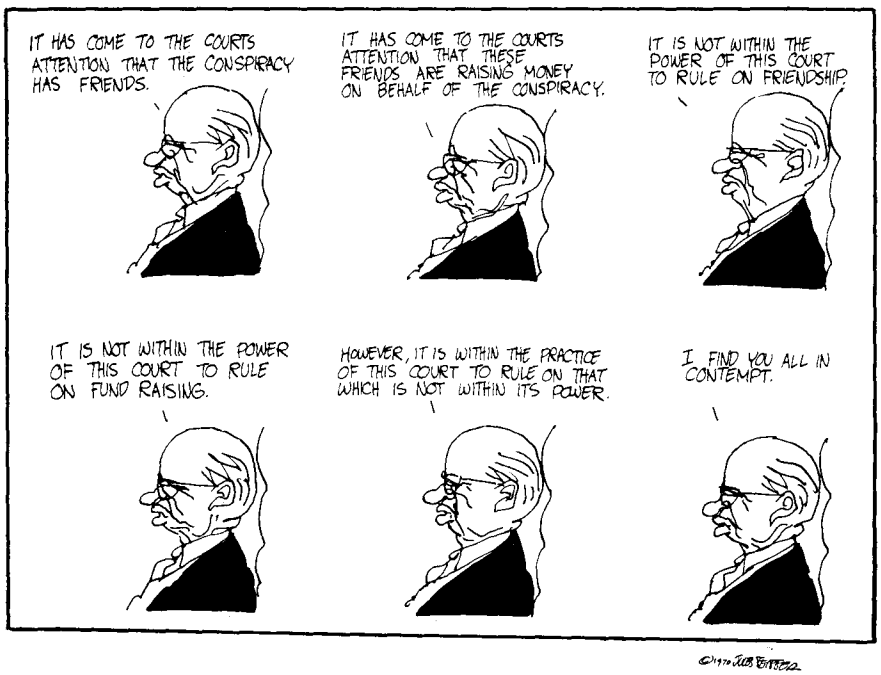
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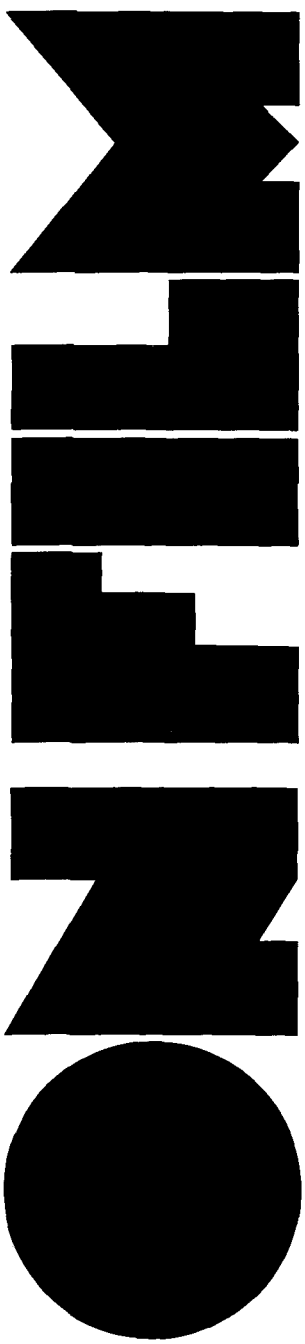

home country in preference to capital from competing industrial nations. How much or how little a particular open door may be exploited at any given time is not the issue. The *principle* must be maintained, especially for a capitalist super-power like the United States, and especially when it is being challenged widely and openly. (In addition, who knows when some vital resource will be discovered and the particular open door will lead to a source of new treasure?)"

Such strong words suggest even stronger interests in foreign trade on the part of the business community and/or government policymakers—a suggestion which might at first appear to run afoul of the facts. U.S. exporters handle less than five per cent of the Gross National Product; our foreign investors ship abroad much less than ten per cent of domestic capital investment. How then can Kolko and Magdoff claim that economic imperialism plays a major role in United States policy?

The answer, says Kolko, is raw materials. Steel must have manganese. Producer durables, building construction, communications and electrical power demand copper. Electronics, electrical and chemical production require a whole host of minor metals. Petroleum products for Europe and Japan (and to a far lesser degree the U.S. itself) need imported crude oil. Aluminum *is* bauxite. "American and European industry can find most of these future sources of supply, so vital to their economic growth, only in the continents of upheaval and revolution." With competition from Japan and Europe, Kolko contends, America's need for assured supplies grows, as does the need to export both agricultural products and manufactured goods.

Magdoff's answer is even more compelling. Domestic corporations and foreign firms owned by U.S. investors sold some $168 billion worth of goods abroad in 1964. This amounted to a rather insignificant percentage of the total GNP (which includes government expenditures, services, banking, real estate and stock market activities), but when measured against domestic production of movables—the comparison generally offered by the Commerce Department—"the size of the foreign market . . . is equivalent to approximately two-fifths of the domestic output of farms, factories, and mines." There are, in addition, returns to U.S. corporations from sales to foreign-owned firms of the brand names, patents and process rights that make up a growing portion of U.S. exports.

Dependence on this trade and investment, and on the rapidly growing profits from foreign operations, is concentrated in a small handful of the very largest firms. By 1957, 45 firms already monopolized three-fifths of direct foreign investment; 80 per cent was held by 163 firms (many of which, of course, are giant oil companies and other raw materials exploiters). The small portion of American business vitally involved in foreign activities might limit the support which these firms could get from the government, were foreign policy democratically determined. But it isn't; the monopoly on policy-making strongly parallels the monopoly on economic resources.

Magdoff, unfortunately, never really spells out the steps by which the political and economic monopolists turn the imperialist "way of life" into economic and military policies. As a result, his book leaves all but the already convinced full of economic facts, but still hungry for the type of political and social analysis which Kolko begins.

PART OF MAGDOFF'S difficulty—a problem shared by Kolko and Barnet as well—is the frequent confusion of theory and motive, pattern and intent. Should we believe Mr. Dulles when he speaks of preserving freedom, when he rails against the Communist menace, or only when he talks of tin and tungsten? Fortunately, we need not believe him at all. A theory of imperialism, unlike motives good or bad, does not live on the surface of events or even in the hard-to-probe subconscious of the bureaucrat and businessman. Like a picture frame, theory has to be put around the facts, and its proof is in the putting, in how well the frame fits those apparently contrary facts which seem most likely to fall outside its borders. Nowhere do Kolko, Magdoff and Barnet really put themselves to this kind of test.

Still, the theory of imperialism advanced by Kolko and more especially by Magdoff does give us a good handle on intervention and a good antidote to Barnet's out-of-hand dismissal of "more

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familiar and more sinister motives." "The search for unadulterated economic motives of foreign policy will serve as a useful hypothesis in a large number of cases," writes Magdoff. "But it will fail if one expects to find such for *each and every* act of political and military policy." "Military and political policy," he explains, "are not based on strict cost-accounting rules."

Military and political policy, moreover, are generally integrated with the economic. America is not in Vietnam simply for tin and tungsten, but also as part of a drive to control all of Southeast Asia, to provide actual and potential markets and raw materials for the U.S. and Japan, and to secure a military base for possible use against China and the DRV. What integrates (or best explains) the separate military, economic and ideological drives, is not some universalized will to dominate, but a quite specific and long-term pattern of the U.S. guaranteeing "that the option of foreign investment (and foreign trade) should remain available."

This pattern of Open Door imperialism, at least for the executives of the multi-national corporations and their classmates in government, is far from irrational. But again, the rationality is not single-minded. Imperialism, Magdoff warns, is not, as vulgar Leninists imply, a response simply to the attractions of lower labor costs abroad, nor "the need of advanced countries to get rid of a surplus which will choke them" unless they invest in the colonies. Capital today is increasingly in the form of new technology, not simply finance, and since Lenin's time there has been a relative shift from competition between imperialist nations to a joint struggle, led by the U.S., against the contraction of their "free world." Finally, imperialism includes investments in the developed countries as much as or more than in the underdeveloped areas where restricted market demand and industrialization actually limit profitable investment opportunities.

It is this imperialism which causes America's intervention and it is the imperialists—not some myopic managers of the national security—which any American movement for social change must confront. —STEVE WEISSMAN
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CIA Capers

COMPETITIVE INTERFERENCE AND 20TH CENTURY DIPLOMACY. *By Richard W. Cottam. University of Pittsburgh, 1967.*

THE CIA HAS BEEN back on the front pages lately with tales of its full-scale "secret army" in Laos and its role in the assassination of a suspected Vietnamese double-agent. These are the exploits which capture the headlines while at the same time tending to mystify and obscure the critical and integrated role which covert action has come to play in the formulation and execution of American foreign policy.

Now, a recent and relatively unknown book by a political scientist who appears to have had some intimate associations with the CIA allows us to detect more clearly than ever before some of the overall strategic notions which inform these CIA maneuvers. From insights developed during two years of service at the American Embassy in Iran—and most likely, therefore, with the CIA—Richard Cottam, now a professor at the University of Pittsburgh, has come up with a theoretical model intended to help the U.S. government manipulate more effectively the politics of foreign countries.

With what appears to be a combination of personal bitterness and academic arrogance, Cottam's study argues that the thrust of U.S. competition with other powers "whether recognized as such or not, is to be found primarily on the levels of political warfare, economic warfare, and psychological warfare." His central complaint is that the government, particularly the CIA, is not sophisticated *enough* to successfully use these tools to influence global political trends in "a direction favorable to Western objectives." Obsessed with the need to insure America's long-run hegemony in the world, Cottam offers his solution to what he regards as the dangerous lack of a focused long-range strategy for American foreign policy.

Radicals should treat his book as a captured enemy document, offering, as it does, a glimpse into the tactical arsenal of covert action strategies and big power political engineering. Although his concepts are camouflaged by the elusive and dense jargon that typifies political science, the academic "cover" for this scholarly policy memorandum is thin and digestible.

COTTAM'S ARGUMENT centers around the need for continuing U.S. interference in the internal affairs of countries around the globe. He makes short work of those fuzzy-headed politicians who use "ethical" arguments to avoid the realization that the protection of U.S. interests requires more than simply a policy of intervention in moments of crisis. "Overturning a regime is the easy part of political engineering," he writes. "Creating a stable, popular, and ideologically compatible regime is infinitely more complex and seems at this stage to be beyond the theoretical competence of the United States. Yet the probability remains that the United States will be increasingly involved in operations that can be described as competitive interference and that a failure to perform well in these operations could be decisive."

Developing the competence necessary for such a task, says Cottam, requires a new and more systematic approach to policymaking. First, he calls for institutional changes to allow a more effective integration of covert and overt diplomacy. Once the institutional apparatus is

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The Kinetic Art 2 world premieres at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall on March 25th. That's the first program. The second and third open at the same place on April 8th and 10th. Tickets are on sale at the Philharmonic box office. All three programs are different. So are all of the films. Here are a few of them.

Re-Entry, Jordan Belson, San Francisco.
Unknown Reasons, Fred Mogubgub, New York.
The Joint, Len Glaser, New York.
S.W.B. (Sweet Wounded Bird), Gerard Pires, Paris.
Egypte, O Egypte, Jacques Brissot, with text and narration by Jean Cocteau, Paris.
Cirkusz, Laszlo Lugossy, Budapest.
The Room, Yoji Kuri, Tokyo.
Historia Natura, Jan Svankmayer, Prague.
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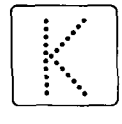

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THE IPCRESS FILE. This adult spy story really has all the zip and zap for which it has become justly famous. It has heart, brains, a very stylish look and plenty of tongue-in-cheek sophistication. Stars: Michael Caine, Sue Lloyd.

7:
COOGAN'S BLUFF. When Jean-Luc Godard dedicates a film to you, something good's got to be happening. With director Don Siegel it's happening all over the screen. Especially here, in his most famous Eastern/Western about a cowboy's encounters with violence in a very now New York. Stars: Clint Eastwood, Lee J. Cobb.

8:
MADIGAN. Action afficianado's favorite director Don Siegal is at it again, this time with his biggest film. Siegal directed this cynical thriller so tightly, it's already become one of the classic films of the police-and-violence genre. Stars: Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda, Inger Stevens.

9:
FAHRENHEIT 451. Director François Truffaut, Julie Christie and Oskar Werner are quite a combination. Especially in a film version of one of Ray Bradbury's most famous novels. Stars: Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

10:
THE CHAMPAGNE MURDERS. Critic Andrew Sarris summed up Director Claude Chabrol and this film best: "'The Champagne Murders' should be seen and not heard, but once seen, it is difficult to forget. The last ascending shot is alone worth the price of admission." Stars: Anthony Perkins, Maurice Ronet, Yvonne Furneaux.

11:
SPARTACUS. Directed by Stanley Kubrick of "Space Odyssey" and "Dr. Strangelove" fame, the film won Academy Awards for best supporting actor, cinematography, art direction, and costume design. Stars: Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Tony Curtis, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, Jean Simmons.

12:
BIRDS IN PERU. French novelist Romain Gary both wrote and directed this erotic and rigorously stylized story of nymphomania told on both the narrative and symbolic levels. Stars: Jean Seberg, Maurice Ronet, Danielle Darrieux.

13:
THE BOFORS GUN. Much acclaimed English actor Nicol Williamson has a field day in this powerful movie of a small British squadron in a single night of war. Young actor David Warner ("Morgan") also delivers a smashing performance. Stars: Nicol Williamson, David Warner.

14:
I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S ISNAME. Can a thoroughly corrupted producer of commercials overcome his Eton and Cambridge education, give up his two mistresses, walk out on his job, pacify his wife and be content as the assistant editor of an obscure literary magazine? Stars: Oliver Reed, Orson Welles, Carol White.

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in order, Cottam would have it make use of systematically developed "situational analyses" to guide the shaping of strategy. Present bureaucracies, he says, are unable to produce usable objective studies; as a result, strategists are crippled by reliance on distorted intelligence and simplistic policy options. Cottam proposes to remedy this by making greater use of academic and non-academic specialists who "need not necessarily understand the manipulation potential of their work."

More specifically, he states: "The suggestion here is that the academic area specialist can play a significant role in the policy formulation process without departing from his scholarly standards and without becoming involved in specific policy recommendations. The role he can play is that of constructing situational analyses that have operational relevance. But in most cases that relevance will not be apparent to the lay reader."

The "situational analysis," which avoids the sterility of most ideologically loaded, cold war-infected area studies, aims at diagnosing strategic institutions and members of the political elite in the "target" country. In the dry language of political science: "The type of operationally relevant situational analysis proposed here calls for a tightly constructed frame within which attitudinal and perceptual trends can be categorized and evaluated." Cottam's hope, of course, is to introduce techniques to improve the administration and control of the American empire.

Cottam argues that the long-range goal of preserving American hegemony requires a well-balanced strategy, oriented primarily towards "the greatest possible effect in altering long-term trends in a direction consistent with policy objectives." This notion of trend alteration is paramount; it involves "reinforcing some trends, redirecting others, and reversing some." The trends which Cottam sees as significant in this respect are: (1) Trends in power potential rating; (2) Trends producing or encouraging mass participation; (3) Trends in elite relationships, public, political and bureaucratic; (4) Trends in relevant sections of elite and mass value systems, perceptions and attitudes.

These are the categories of information needed by policymakers in order to successfully influence developments in any given country or area.

COTTAM BELIEVES THAT the significance of U.S. power must be evaluated in terms of its leverage over specific issues or areas. Effective diplomatic strategy can have many faces: a passive lever might be a threat; a more active one could range from the withdrawal of aid or, failing everything else, to direct military intervention. This type of approach provides a precise way of estimating the target country's "tolerance for interference," as well as helping to measure U.S. impact. Such a leverage system allows policymakers more control over their own machinery and minimizes the possibility of working at cross purposes with other agencies or policy objectives.

It is this thinking which leads Cottam to criticize the war in Vietnam. He believes in the need for intervention but thinks that in this case the government has made a mess of it. In his view, the correctness of any one intervention must be determined in the context of our global objectives. "The impact of American policy in Vietnam on every other aspect of American foreign policy," he writes, "has been so great as to threaten a systemic change." And that is frightening to one whose basic objective is to defend and rationalize an international status quo.

Cottam's uneasiness about the war makes more sense when viewed against the backdrop of the intense interdepartmental feud which has raged in Vietnam ever since the military replaced the CIA as the dominant force on the scene. Cottam's views on the war echo the sophisticated corporate liberal argument that the political costs of the war—particularly the increasing polarization at home and abroad—now require its liquidation. Predictably, those views motivated Cottam to an active and prominent position in the Pittsburgh area McCarthy campaign in 1968.

One of his complaints about Vietnam is that the political engineering job has been so half-hearted: Rather than the U.S. controlling Saigon, as is widely believed, the corrupt generals actually control us; despite the major investment of men and material, the U.S. lacks complete decisive leverage on the Saigon government. Cottam does not confine his illustration of this point to Vietnam but fills it out most complete-

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says, "We must stop those gawdawful, buckeye, half-price ads we have been running. They destroy our image, imply The ATLANTIC is hardly worth the paper it is printed on, and insult the intelligence of our readers."

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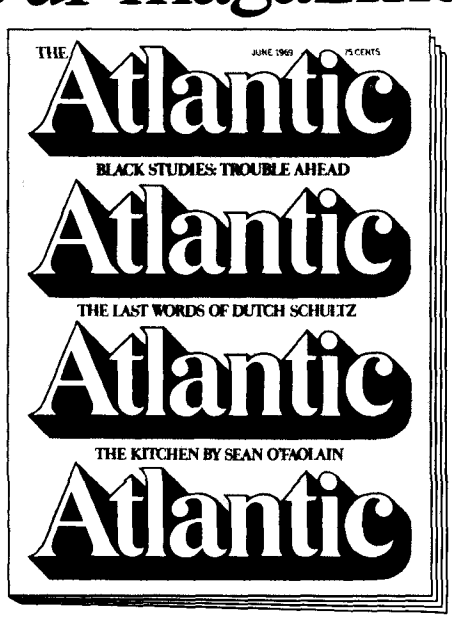

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ly in the case of Iran, the country that served as his operational and intellectual stomping ground. (In addition to his "foreign service" work there, he has also written a historical account of Iranian nationalism. He is dismayed by U.S. policy there—not because, as the radicals think, U.S. imperialism has too much control in Iran, but because we don't have enough!)

While all appearances and statistical data would argue that Iran is practically a dependency of the U.S., Cottam contends that, in actual fact, this country's allegiance to the Shah's despotic regime has actually *decreased* U.S. leverage there. "Since August 1953," he writes, alluding to the CIA-engineered coup which toppled Mossadegh, "the impact of American policy has been quite substantial in influencing trends in a direction viewed unfavorable." As a result, the U.S. has over-identified itself with a regime which uses the U.S. as much as the U.S. uses it. In the long run, Cottam fears, this policy will threaten U.S. hegemony because it ties us too tightly to a regime against which pressures for change are beginning to mount. Already the growing movement of opposition to the Shah is characterized by a deeply-based anti-Americanism and an "attraction" to revolutionary communist ideologies. If these trends continue, the U.S. might be confronted with "overt political rebellion" which would require "interference on the most audacious level as in Guatemala, Lebanon, the Dominican Republic and South Vietnam."

COTTAM WANTS TO avoid such "audacious" interventions, replacing them with more sophisticated political engineering. Rather than inextricably tying ourselves to the Shah, he believes the U.S. should protect its long-range options through a policy of "more critical" support. We could support the Shah, for instance, without wholeheartedly backing his hated secret police. We could provide more covert help to acceptable elements within the opposition, particularly to Iranian students who might otherwise be radicalized. To implement such a policy change, Cottam suggests several types of diplomatic probes which could tip the Shah off to U.S. intentions without completely alienating him. This scheme, similar to some of the backstage maneuvers in the Vietnam negotiations game, offers insights into the common techniques of U.S. policy-makers.

Speaking of the "second phase" of a much more complicated scenario, intended to mystify public understanding, Cottam explains: "The second phase could take advantage of the separation of powers in the United States. In this action, a junior Democratic Senator who had criticized the government policy of supporting right-wing dictatorships could be utilized. He could be informed by a State Department representative that the government would not only *not* resent his airing his views but would even welcome a public statement from him evaluating his support of the Shah's regime. There is no reason whatever for the Senator to say anything he did not believe. The optimum hope would be for the Senator to accept the necessity of working with the Shah, but to argue that unless the Shah engages in basic political reform any support of his regime would be useless. This is a much stronger probe and reactions from official and non-official groups could be anticipated."

NEO-COLONIALISM IS the fragile strategy underlying the American empire. By centralizing the intelligence about nations and peoples who are little-known to most Americans, the CIA has managed to coordinate the multi-level penetration of the Third World on behalf of American corporate interests. Through a variety of covert instruments, the CIA has provided the institutional network through which the Empire is administered. Throughout the Third World, CIA strategists seek to forge a "strategy of cumulative impact"; one in which many different instruments, overt and covert, governmental and non-governmental, reinforce each other in order to skew development in favorable directions.

The foundations on which this system rests, however, are beginning to crack. Throughout the world, the "modernizing elites" which U.S. strategists worked so hard to groom are either proving unable to manage the contradictions in their own societies, or are being forced to turn to repression as the principal technique of control. They are caught in the squeeze between institutionalized trends towards more inequality between rich and poor countries, and the needs of their own people. As revolutionary movements develop throughout the Third World, the U.S. is forced to reinforce those repressive regimes in order to maintain its control.

These trends, accompanied by the military defeat being suffered by the U.S. in Vietnam, suggest that political polarization between the U.S. and the people of the Third World will continue. This may mean that policy-makers will be forced to rely even more on Cottam's nifty bag of covert "tricks." On the other hand, his proposals may have been rejected because they are too threatening to existing bureaucratic structures, or unworkable given the concrete forces with which the U.S. must now contend. Perhaps that is why Cottam published his ideas in book form rather than submitting them as an internal memorandum. In either case, Cottam's candid call for more refined techniques of international manipulation by the U.S. offers valuable insights into imperialist political thinking.

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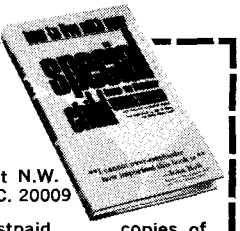

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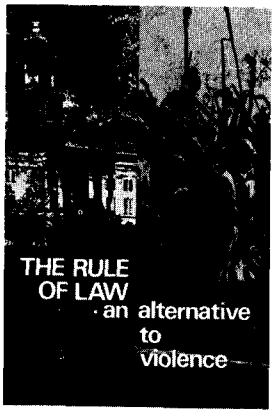

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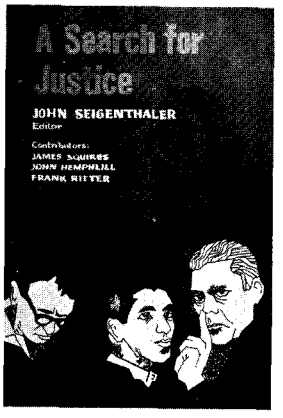

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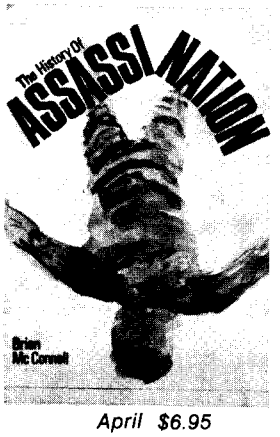

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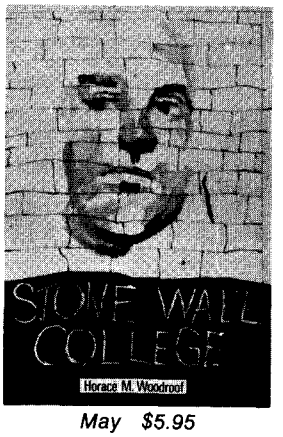

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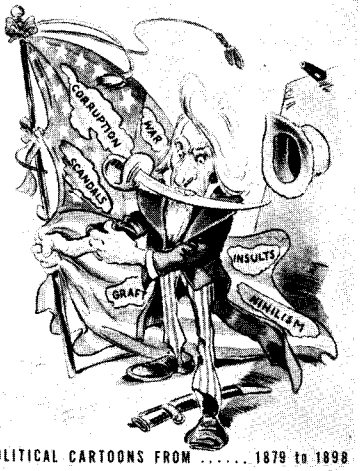

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